Woolf, Virginia

[Flush] The life, character and opinions of Flush the Spaniel. Holograph fragment of opening chapter, unsigned, dated July 21, 1931. 19 p. (Bd. 28cm.)

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Woolf, V.
[Flush] The life ... opinions of Flush

5e Tavistock Sq^re

March 13^th 1931

NYPL

Six Articles on London life.

(1) Churches & Cathedrals

(2) Great Men's Houses

(3) The Port of London

(4) ~~Streets~~ ~~Harrow~~ Parks & Mews.

5. The House of Commons

Lockhart's Criticism.

Life Character & Opinions of Flesh the Novelist.

Sidney's Arcadia

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1931
March
13th

St. Pauls.

Now London has shrunk & ~~become~~ shriveled, one feels as one wanders in the Labyrinth of ~~narrow~~ tiny streets behind St Pauls. ~~Great spaces~~ Great abbeys, colleges, convents, & gardens are now marked only by a blue square blue stone let in to the wall. Here stood the the Convent of St Mary, Here was the site of Christs Hospital — here, where there is now one high building, let out in floors to a dozen different firms. The streets. Men & women seem to have suffered the same abbreviation. Myriads of people, hurry up & down the narrow streets but be like their channels in the ~~the~~ mere brick walls. But they are now for commerce, shorthand ciphers; without room to thread, to breathe, to be themselves. In the Stone turns from Cheapside into a Church, the contrast between the ~~the~~ that the old dead engaged Compared with the living is brought home to us. About the year 1720 for Example, a man called Cart died, & was buried, in Mary Le Bow. He had In our day a man called Cart would be allotted a stone, among many thousand similar stones in one of our vast Cemeteries. But in 720 he covered a wall with his virtues. And all posterity is asked, with no sense that the demand is grotesque, to have a respect that Mr. died without suffering indeed without consciousness on May 5th 1705. Admire Cartwright, says another ~~the~~ brass tablet, the Christian virtues of Henry Blow — he was charitable, & kindly de- In those days, the objects the One marvels at the great shadows days, when, in these gardens, there stood these tranquil buildings, unknown Citizens could ask so much attention, could occupy more than, so often

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No contrast could be greater than that between St Pauls & the Abbey. ~~Here is mystery, intricacy, & gloom~~ directly we enter we are plunged in to the thick of ~~Here there is no~~ space & no serenity. The Abbey is high & narrow, ~~crowded~~ pointed, pinnacled, fretted to the roof, full of intricate carvings & lights & shadows. Light & Shadow, ~~& worn & fretted by age~~ & ~~full of an immense Cager new, crowded~~ & yet full of an immense eagerness, animation, ~~& life~~. We seem to assembly of ~~highly important~~ ~~& vast proportions~~ an assembly of ~~statesmen~~ animated & vivid people seem to be in full conclave. Gladstone stands forward: ~~next him is~~ Disraeli. ~~Here is Pitt: here is~~ They seem to be in full debate. From every corner, from every wall wonderful ~~faces~~ & ~~forms~~ look & listen, or bend forward as if about to speak. ~~A~~ A ~~strong wind of singing~~ vibrates in the roof. We might fancy ~~ourselves~~ admitted to some ~~This is no place of death & rest: but rather~~ a ~~different~~ & ~~intensely~~ ~~alive~~. Even the stone seems clothed & shaped by the intensity of ~~its~~ life. ~~When one looks into the roof, its~~ ~~scarcely its~~ ~~The roof seems like~~ the very ~~wounds~~ of ~~the~~ ~~stone~~ a organ vibrate ~~in the~~ among the carving ~~&~~ intricacies of the roof. ~~In~~ Very ~~fine~~, very fine ~~stretched~~ across the roof. The fine worn arches take away into the grey distance like ~~the~~ ~~bridges~~ ~~of~~ Roma ~~&~~ Roma ~~&~~ winter ~~forest~~. A ~~This is no place of death & rest.~~ Here the Kings & Queens lie ~~under their~~ with crowns & sceptres before them. ~~All~~ Royal, still splendid. Nobody None of the plebeian virtues are admitted here. We may have been ~~heroes~~, we may have been ~~villains~~, the dead seem to say, but we lived ~~violent~~, the dead seem to say.

~~crowded~~ & intricate, Chaos work- ~~ing~~ ~~in~~ Shadow, full to the ~~brim~~ with ~~her~~ Eager, ani- mated ~~face~~. One feels as ~~if~~ one had ~~stepped~~ ~~in~~ to a brilliant assembly.

~~as~~ if about to ~~wave~~ in the wind.

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with harrow. ~~We can now see, among our own~~ to
~~Dream of our~~ look how life used us – how labouring elongated
& worn we are; but behold, the gilt is still on our crowns:
our arms still show some tinge of red or purple. And
~~then we find that~~ there ~~are~~ is no civic tromp: no
suggestion of that applause & victory & monumental
reform, well semibled & chanced, that we get in St Pauls.
& ~~Abbey~~ ~~the state~~ Then dead here ~~never earned~~
were born to greatness. They assumed their crowns &
Sceptres ~~as High & arrogant, & as their own~~ they still by
their own right. They ~~never~~ were never obscure; no
And Moreover they have lived for Centuries No
They have outlived fashion. They are ~~not~~ before
They are not more or one age than another.
A spur or a mantle, a dog couched or a crucifix
Clashed is all the tribute they have ever received.
~~And suddenly~~ And then, how, all in one grave, within
a handsbreadth. In the ~~the~~ bones of half the great
poets of England. What suffering, what intensity,
what quick dust there is, Dryden: Chaucer. Gay:
Tennyson. Browning, Cowley: here they lie, still
attentive one imagines, their quick minds still thinking,
their irony, their passion, their tremendous doubts &
serutinies alive, as everybody in this great enclave of
distinguished humanity is alive, to the via & the clear
Psalm clerie, who read from Gods law how one
must not covet ones neighbours goods, how one
to the glancing changing light & shadow to the
future expression which seem to chase each other in this
delicate worn church. This attenuated Elegant
building, this ironical insubstantial abbey;
which ~~is~~ ~~in shelter~~ & yet were not
irreverent, one might suppose that Gladstone –

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Miracle are about to take different sides about Coveting one's
Neighbours Goods, & the Duty of Children to their Parents:
& they certainly & openly proclaim that Death a Jest &
all things shew it. I thought so once & now I know it.
The Abbey is rich with all these high hatched traces,
these highly strung attitudes. not an inch of its
walls but speaks. but claims but illustrates.
Time, however ancient, mouldering the dust, still
the only claim to admission here is some splendid
sepulchre & effigy. The prosperous, the commonplace. the
quiet come do not stop here. ~~The~~ The right claim to
the Abbey is The claim of ~~virtue~~ Genius
a thousand lives are cut in it: the expressive yet worn
lined face is for ever changing. No more complex gifted
strangely mixed assembly can ever have come together.
But they know no distinction in the grave. They act
still play their parts: ~~as~~ Kings, Queens, Statesmen,
poets; ~~they take upon them the burden of greatness~~ Called upon, even in death, to
they take upon them the burden of greatness, & stand out above
among the flood & waste of average human life, to
prove that to prove that greatness is possible,
& that even in death, we can still hold up, in this
stand erect to question, to assert, to represent, in
this among lives of humanity, what, in its extreme, this
common human flesh can do. Can, occasionally,
take this splendid distinction. ~~suffer this~~ immortality.
to represent us, to shew that our given flesh
admits of this Exaltation, of these refinements,
of these extremes of virtue & vice. that our
modest brows can hint or conceal a
bay leaves.

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But For heaven then, & the assurance that the dead sleep, one must go elsewhere. ~~But~~ London Churches ~~But where?~~
~~London Churches are not~~ ~~But in fact it is difficult to find~~ London after all is full of churches. ~~But it is~~
~~difficult, all the same to find any~~ in the But ~~nowadays~~
~~the~~ At London after all is a city in the full tide of [illegible]
&, ~~accepting this fact~~, ~~what can~~ even St Clement Danes
do, but ~~fill~~ fill our ears, after all, with ~~that~~
frantic, almost terrifying, joy of wedding bells?
That hoary & aged building, where Dr Johnson
worshipped, ~~can do~~ must also share the fact ~~that~~
of marriage, & bridal, that in the year 1931 is
men & women are young & full of joy, & wish to
marry, & are come, in motor cars, with billowing
white veils, or to ~~fetch~~ ask its shelter, while they
~~to ask~~ its blessing. St Clement Danes therefore
rears out its frantic ~~blessing~~ welcome all down the Strand.
The ~~fe~~fleurs are alarmed. They swoop round & round
the statue of Gladstone. A crowd is gathered at her feet.
The doors are wide open. The bride descends. The
And, then, as she passes into the pure darkness,
~~one can scarcely help thinking~~ that an umbrella
figure rolls humbly up from her pew in the
north west corner & performs, for he was a
portly man, something between a bow & a roll as
the lady advances. The wedding guest hear
the motor omnibuses roar on the route go on.
~~They are only~~ The church is only a little sanctuary
a resting stone, in the ~~to~~ strong sea of traffic.
Vans & omnibuses & carts hurtle by as they kneel.
The pavement is grazed ~~&~~ round the church walls.

by the extraordinary roar of joy which goes up from the

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Dr Johnson would have much ado to crow over to Gough Square.
all white & gay the veils & ruffles & white waistcoats &
pearl hilts flutter for a moment on this hoary &
worn stone. And while St Clement Danes is
marrying, St Martins in the fields round the corner is
playing string Quartets to a large congregation, who
are told that the Crypt of the church is open day &
night. The churches have taken on them the duty
& wander down into the crypt, which is open day & night,
to for that two is open. that sanctuary must now
cannot afford to that strictly exposant the wha shelter is
so valuable, & rents so high, & wages so hard to come by.
It must forego rest & peace, & let the two homeless
find & at least a stone wall round them, & a
give them a seat to sit on. There is no longer
room for the dead to can no longer have the crypt
to themselves, & one fancies that Nell Gwynn
who was buried here, aged thirty eight, & left this
world a sum, to the bell ringers of the parish, would
like the company of this forlorn society better than the
to be left alone for ever with other dead bodies.
of Chaste respectability, who might look askance
at her, & remembering how & frown upon at her
grace, & ask them why to what end her beauty &
her folly had brought her. The doubtful scrapers
the company of those who have only a right to
Upon it. She was so beautiful & so wretched & she
was only thirty eight when she died & left a name
that many has outlived ever since.

Peace is Space is too valuable in London
to be left idle. The only thoroughly quiet spots in
London are those graveyards which have been

has flung its door open

Died in her lodging in Pall Mall 1687

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turned with prosperity into gardens & resting places. The tombstones made to serve as lining to the walls. Surround orderly walks; here & there an ornate tomb makes a garden ornament. Flowers light up the ~~flesh~~ turf, & trees cast cool shade under them serve for the repose of mothers whose children can go tottering bowl their hoops or play their tops sleath here in safety. Yet the dead have no guerdon. A certain treacherous stile remains to show that this is no ordinary garden The white stones, with the three flags. The hasty obliterated names, give these old churchyards gardens some pathos & spectral quality against which the gaiety of the flowers, & the green of the grass, has a peculiar vividness - Here one might read the novels of Richardson - Here one might drowse away the early days of spring, or the first days of autumn without feeling much stir or regret. For the dead sleep quietly here, & belong to nothing: have been eminent neither for virtue nor rank. Their bones are forgotten. The names on the stones are rubbed out. The stones serve for pavement, or decently ordered side by side serve to buttress up the garden walk. There is no self assertion, no regret. no claim upon our notice. Gently falling apart, being dug up & turned over nearly when the gardener plants his bulbs or sows his grass, they flower again; in green first or in the petals of daisies & chrysanthemums. These disused graveyards are the most beautiful of our London sanctuaries

Great Men's Houses.

Many stores of books must have been written by this time about the Carlyles. But not one. And we have feasted when all the little details of their most private lives. But who has told us that they drew their water from a well in the basement, that every can or jug had to be carried by hand to the top of the house. That the following facts? the most relevant of all facts has so far been omitted, although no secret is made of it, & anybody who chooses to pay a shilling can go down into the basement of no 5 Cheyne Row & verify the statement for himself. Every ounce of water that the Carlyles used - & both were fanatically in their cleanliness - had to be hauled by hand from a well in the Kitchen to kitchen. And if they wanted it hot, it had to be boiled on the old Kitchen grate; & if they wanted a bath, they had to squat their knees drawn up to their chin, in a the yellow tin which still stands, forlorn & cold & forbidding, in a corner of Carlyle's bedroom. As for drains, there were none till the Mrs Carlyle had been in the grave for many years. The high narrow house, without water, without electric light, without fans & sinks or gas fires, full of books full of fine old plain furniture, inhabited where two of the most nervous, sensitive, & highly gifted people of the world for year in year out, was served by one maid. unfortunate maid. All through the mid Victorian years the number five Cheyne Row

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was a battle field. Every day Jeanne & maids fought against an unclean ~~and bad~~ spirit — dirt — dirt ~~that there should be hot water~~ for water, for cleanliness, for order, for warmth. The stairs were worn with the feet of harassed women carrying cans. The walls were ~~tracked~~ by the coal sweep, year after year, the cleaning, the carrying, the humping: & every day, as the cock crew & roused Carlyle to fury, some poor wretch stood in the stone kitchen humping at the well; & the long toil began of keeping those four stories clean, & warm, & bright — without a single ~~People say that~~ Mrs Carlyle lacked love, lacked children: but what nothing has been said of this time that somebody would do well to prove that all the Carlyles' trouble would have been halved had they been more orthodox, had their quarrels been watered, had they had hot water laid on.

Too much has been said about

~~As it is we cannot get the~~ For this reason then, number five Cheyne Row, dignified & shadowy as it is with its carved staircase & its dignified air of Queen Anne, & the old days when Chelsea was a village, & Swift lived there for the sake of the country air, has something grim about it. Was the home of toil & effort. Was worn, it is a little dark; it is crumbled; it is clean; quiet at last. We have two, for the most of the Carlyle's furniture has gone to Scotland. Here long labourous books were wrought out in agony: here, under the roof, in the attic, with only a skylight to give light & air, surrounded by thick walls to keep out the cocks & hens who then roamed in the fields at the back of the house. Any ornament that came here, one feels, would need scrubbing: & the scrub had to be carried

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up from the basement. And then which relics are there are—
a hamper of black J tubes, a broken clay pipe, a
pen holder, a cash charm & mystery; & seem all eyes
pieces with the yellow tin bath. Groans seem to resound;
sighs & coughs. The Equinoctial Leagues seem to be
always the month of February; when fog & cold
are in the street, & the hoarse voices are crying in the street,
& Mrs Carlyle has taken to her bleak four-poster
bed with a chill, & instead of that the coming of
Annie or the Jane of the moment has given over her
thumping, or that the wood of the old bedstead
panels is alive with bugs. Her thoughts, as she lay in
the bed where she had been born, were all of cleaning—
scrubbing & how to manage a kitchen whitewashing, or
which chair could be covered. The long horse hair
sofa, in the dining room to be scrubbed, must often have
come to mind in the dead watches of the night, with the
recurring problem — how to clean it, how to cover it.
And then Carlyle woke, in his room upstairs. &
She held her breath, listening to hear whether he was in
lying awake fuming - fretting, waiting for the
hot shaving water to be brought him. Another day
had dawned, & the humbug & the scrubbing
must begin all over again. No. Number
five Cheyne Row is not a dwelling house: rather it is
a battle field. The long battle is over; & won
indeed, but at the cost of what hollow cheeks, &
sad mocking eyes. Mrs Carlyle as she
sits in her chair by the fire in the picture has
won a moments rest — but at what a price!
Ah might have been hand, if they had only
had hot water laid on & a gas cooker in the
basement.

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2 Journeys through
Hazeltons

An age seems to separate number five Cheyne Row Chelsea
where ~~Carlyle~~ the Carlyles lived from Wentworth Place Hamstead
where Keats & Fanny Brawne lived. This always
Springs in Hamstead, just as this always February in
Cheyne Row. And Hamstead remains by some
miracle, itself, not London, a pleasure resort, a
retreat, as to which the city retires in coaches
to drink syllabub & take the waters. The
houses are neat boxes, such as front the sea
at Brighton, with their bow windows & verandahs,
their elegant pillars & urns, the lightness
the grace the gaiety of dwell here, & the
prevalent colours are all those white & pink &
pale blues which seem to go with the sea & holiday &
leisure & dalliance & the retirement of
rich cultivated people. Still this serenity pervades
Hamstead; its bow windows & verandahs still
look out upon green fields & elegant trees, & lakes
as when winding paths & barking dogs &
people merely taking the air & enjoying the view as
they did when Keats lived here, in that white
villa white house in the garden. But as we enter
the house where Keats lived, something more awful
~~seems to~~ Shadow seems to fall across the garden;
The tree has fallen, & his prophecy
Here ~~sang~~ the nightingale sang; - No one can
cross that path, & enter the low door without
feeling that all this grace & symmetry is weakened &
broadened & made solemn. hearing the sad
unhappy song; the restless leaves. the without
feeling that more passion & unrest were here

or a suburb of London

furnished about with

for Hamstead is urban, & not in the least provincial.

Perhaps

and in its hands

Memory

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lodged, & here walked here, with the sense of such coming death & the fever of his & to heighten & anguish. Yet if Keats left any impress upon his house it is the impression of order, clarity & that peculiar dignity which comes from self control, & order. Small as the rooms are they are kept airy & light. The windows are flooded with light From the room where Keats sat on a dignified curved chair, one looks on to the verandah; & the birds must often have hopped close to his feet: he must have been chequered by the shadow lights & shadows of the leaves, as he sat there reading with his large book then on his knee, & one Elbow resting on the back of the chair. & wrote these deep poems the lines which hold all the light & air of the room the fume & in them: There And perhaps this due to the smallness of the room, & the Emptiness of the rooms — for Keats presumably possessed but little furniture — & not many books, & only a few that the house which lodged Mr. Fanny Brawne & her mother a Browne as well as Keats seems more than not to have housed people. & The liveliest imagination would not evoke scenes here. One does not imagine Chatter, or eating, & drinking. One does not reflect that supper must have come in & dressed & light & set down hastily on the table. & Cleared up tenderness & done hastily with dirt & fetched water & baked & ironed. Poor Fred there it seems to be simply a pale ghost that flutters: Nobody there seems to dwell there, & light, & in which a few sheets of paper are written over in a large flowing hand; & books with wide margins are read, luminously largely, for all the & a note made in the margin. Here letters are written, with the same unstudied ease; thoughts

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they treat of the deepest & most momentous of human Experiences —
though the hand that wrote was the hand of one doom to
go, doom to be stilled, the hand that might have trembled
with haste or despair, but preserved instead some an
heroic Equanimity. Here at any rate, in this
room, Keats engaged, so far as nature could give of
him, heat, light, air & the cleanliness & comeliness.
This a happier room far than the room in Rome where
he died. And yet, with the ~~the~~ ~~of~~ ~~to~~ not
one personage must enter unhappily. And that meets us
on every wall: the shadow of death. It was born over,
this place in the verdant greenery of Hampstead.
It shrank, it shrivelled. to the ~~yellow~~ bubble yellow
wreath hangs on the ~~sitting~~ room wall. There is Hardy's
sketch. there ~~are the~~ in the night Everybody seems to be dying. he died.
He was young, & to left all this. It was not to last.
~~But~~ That shadow lies in the persona that lies
~~like a ghost~~ laces with its quiet footfall through
these funny quiet rooms, & fills them, not with the
rabble & dash of spring, not with the slap of ~~waves~~
waves on the beach, & barking dogs & the
other sights & sounds of a ~~distinguished~~ retreat,
but with some profound sadness; of
Hampstead but some slow sad cadence. And
like the shaking of a ~~leaf~~ branch in the night.

Yet this is London; the motors are hooting in
the street; & they have all gone, these
men strange new Combatants Keats can annihilate
omnibus, tubes, & all the rat-tat the traffic of
the ~~roaring~~ down Haverstock hill to the
Channels & Strait which lie below.]

or view of London from
the hill

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If we cross the road, taking care not to be cut down by some
Car, & ~~cross what is the little patch of~~ we shall find
ourselves on the top of a hill; & beneath we shall see the
whole of London beneath us. Yes a view that [illegible]
perpetually fascinates For one thing, we see London as a
whole: London crowded & cubbed & compact: with its
dominant domes & grandiose Cathedrals; its Chimneys
& towers; its perpetual Smoke; which no strong or
Autumn Ever blows away; And And London has last
more time cut around; leaving that stretch of the earth
deeper & deeper, making it more & more unique & tumultuous;
& branding it, forever, with an indelible mark.
There it lies in Layers, in strata, with ~~Left-off Clothes~~ rolls of
Smoke always Caught in it; And yet, from Parliament
Hill one can see thro the country beyond. There are
hills behind on the other side, in which where woods beech are
Jungles. Some wild creature leaves in the Dead Leaves the
Jules, watching. Shuffling, with one foot perhaps lifted, as
it listens intently for the rustle which And Keats stood
here, & Heather Coleridge, & Shakespeare perhaps, & Chaucer for
anything one knows to the contrary. But what is
more to the point, here, on that seat, & the usual young
man clasps to his heart the usual young pro man.
Life goes on; & the young lovers are rich as restless -
unhappy & soon to die as Keats & Fanny Brawne.

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The Port of London.

"Whither, O splendid ship", — the host asked, as he lay on shore & watched the white sails pass on the horizon. Certainly Perhaps as he listened it may have sailed to the Palace; but certainly one day it must have come up the river, past the North Foreland, & the Re Culver & so entered the waters of the Port of London & where the sea narrows itself between banks, & there narrow waters between very low crowded banks, & caught anchors & dropped anchor reg at Erith, or some further down into Erith Reach & Barking Reach & Gallions Reach, past the gas works & the sewage works, to the Royal Albert Docks or King George's Dock. until it found a home safely than a vessel found for it, for all the world like a car in a parking ground, in the deep waters of the Royal Albert Dock or King George's Dock. However romantic & free & moody they seem, they all take their turn & their chance to come in time to anchor here. One can see them swinging down the river with all the marks of their voyage on them. As I then behold their masts one by one; their broad & brilliant sandy funnels are suddenly & unexpectedly displayed among chimneys & warehouses. They lie still under walls higher than they are. Cranes begin to suck out Passengers stream through the customs house & are off; motor Cars depart. Cranes begin to suck out barrels & bags from the holds. A curious change of perspective takes place. Here they lie like sea birds anchored, long aerial, like sea to animals stranded, like to flamingos & swans creatures pastured to the land. Now & then comes a tramp, or collier, & little red sailed barge headed with coal, & the swaying amateurish red sailed boats with cement from Colchester or Harwich — The river is crowded, with its silent swarming traffic; & yet they hold on as

Now were to watch a thousand of these big ships

a steamer the irresistible Call & Cross, Sunset

Cooked up

high decked with their sailors & awnings & passengers leaning over, & Lascars;

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Come up the river ~~to the port of London in a week; & all the time~~ the
2 Hooks of Lotta ships, in one week, amid a flock of small
Jaden insignificant vessels, barges & transfer. & Collier & boat
sailing boats from English ports. — They come, drawn from all
the width of the sea from its storm & calm, & silence &
depth & loneliness as if sucked by some irresistible
current ~~to~~ down the Ile Thames; heart to their allotted
London anchorage. ~~For from they~~ Suddenly & incongruously
their gaudy funnels show up against a back ground of woods &
Churches. They lie still under walls ~~that tower above them.~~
~~Instantly the hawsers are off & away.~~ A curious
change of perspective takes place. They have no longer the
width of sea & sky behind them, & an infinite space to
move in. They lie tethered, awkward & ungainly, like
plunging & soaring creatures who have got themselves
stranded on the shore. Instantly the hawsers have
~~parted~~ their bags & are down the gangways & away, to
London. Crane begin to peer into their depths: barrels &
crates are sucked out from the hold. All the
wool of Australian sheep, & the tobacco that flowered in
Virginia is picked out by these agile & indefatigable
instruments; & swung on shore; & laid, barrel on
barrel, cask beside cask, ~~in the dry land, in the~~
~~warehouses, in the heart of London.~~ in a vast high
echoing room, where the light is very ~~dim~~ cool & pale &
dull.

a ferris & sailing Chimney.

We who lie in ~~mid stream~~ our steam launch in the
middle of the river watching the ships come past, ~~from the~~
~~open sea~~, shuffling ~~some~~ sea the sea breeze, ~~over them~~
~~again all our fires,~~ are entirely dependent on them. The
Our cigarettes are fractions of those vast barrels of
Virginia tobaccos. Our shoes, our gun, our stuffs, our
leather bags, our clocks, our hats, & the rice & the meat,
perhaps, & our bunches, — ~~all~~ & ~~all that~~ we
has we are entirely fed & clothed & housed &
kept in being by the activity of the ships. It is

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us who draw them across the seas: we who rock the thrilling cradles
Judea & Turkey & the waving banks of the Grain & the Vine & the
wool — we, who in our millions, untwine these Corpses,
break them open & rifle the contents. We are a Rapacious
race, we knights. but has volatile, capricious, addict at
throwing aside & crying up & demanding more, & leaving
then as one relates & requiring that favorite, that substance.
to lead us through the Decades your lives. But of the warm
dear & the cold, with mammoth the tusks of mammoths &
the Car Cass of whips, with all the flames & the thrills & the
finery of the civilization. these ships come — a thousand a
week — to our help in London.

But here that the But the process, which is daily discharged
in the port of London, of receiving this immense merchandise,
of taking it on shore, of storing it, warding it, sampling it,
weighing it, selling it, distributing it, & passing it on, for in its
Crude state, to be made into cooked, baked, tanned, worked,
Legend, rolled, — made in short into the million different
things & manners when which the not only London but all
England with feed; with wear; with use in its Cars in its
homes, in its streets — this vast patient Ristless &
unremitting labour is not to habitat fuel of Great
agony & hide Squalor & horror. Looking out to sea is one
thing, at the splendid ships, crowding her white sails. Leaning
over the bosom of the Largest West, but turn
East: look at the blight & Squalor that surrounds
us; or we turn, to go towards the romantic City
what those white sails feed. On either side the
banks. Nothing can be much more dismal.
The mean buildings, Granaries, factory chimneys,
standing on mud, the Waste windows broken. The
Chimneys Chimneys smoke stacks factories &
offices, line the shore: stand crowded on the mud.
Behind are the meanest streets in London. The
line of warehouses is black, dingy, decrepit
looking. Here & there are vast factories, whether
new or old does not matter. The same

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dingy grey black coats them all. They crowd without order or intention between them they have if a window is broken broken it remains. They have neither use nor strength. They mean run up a few months & purely ululitarian. They stand on mud. & so fade. when one of them has been blackened by fire seems scarcely more derelict & insecure than the other. Behind them is ridges of peg gard the mean street which house the men in dock labourers. And as we turn back to London we meet this almost a shock to come suddenly upon a well built stone house standing among field, as if left over from some previous civilization. But the earth was once capable of nothing in a greener; there were actually trees here once. But now, as if this sample of the task were judged, a weak brick factory has encroached upon the lawns & terraces. Nothing The old house is also wears a ridiculous & unseemly air. There as we see, us Or there, on the further bank is a white church grey country church; & there an Inn, which still wears some urban character of despair & pleasure, for indeed, during the middle of the nineteenth Century it was the scene of riot & pleasure. Sir Charles Dilke was said used it for week end & figured in the famous divorce cases of the 19th Century. Coming out from And then

But London is where pleasure romance, week ends have long fled elsewhere. also is Now the fields where the gaily lives flushed dallied are ridged with high mounds sometimes smoking sometimes weed grown. It is as if forbidden thoughts were growing rank. But instant these dusky are built of old tins & vegetables as London lies upon their waste Land is sending out the contents of her dust bins. Barges come down headed with tin cans. The London leaves behind her Everything a tin, a fork, bones, ashes, vegetable. And here they are, unglamorous, gutter, long drunken

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by men and [illegible] on to these ancient fifty year old rubbish heaps, by the river; which grow & grow; & sometimes catch fire spontaneously & sometimes remain damp & sodden, so that weeds flourish & rats accumulate. And here is a barge [illegible] an ambiguous vessel, neither ships nor machines. but something between the two, which is dredging the river bottom. The silt will be carried at seventy miles & dropped into the sea. All is activity & [illegible] Everywhere things are being sorted, ordered, kept in trim. Here, is London's scullery, its washing up place, its kitchen offices; but also

& house maids act

And then, just as we are given up to thinking of London as the maid, where trash, where men, where [illegible] throw away, tins, cabbage stalks, there the whole population have been clearing up after her, down comes a great steamer bound for India. And on the left hand, we suddenly steam past the Whitehall gate architecture — all greenwich hospitals with its grey pillars & domes, & green sward comes down to the river bank, like a stately [illegible] There at no noble sight can be imagined. Of such even the water lastly after dark. The lights happening, it seems that no setting for splendid architecture could be more effective. And one, all the great houses stood up, standing low on the water edge, grey, noble, ornate. And again, there is a silvery church: & there another. As we come close the authority of London began to assert itself. The little streets thicken & huddle under grey stone [illegible] the warehouses even seem blacker more impressive. The bridges span. The sky turns greyer. There is smoke in the air. There is a concentration of building. The height the houses increases. The [illegible] entrances grow. They become metropolitan, grave; ancient, massive. Here, behold, we

are at the Tower, by the traitor Jack. by the norman wretch.
Then is the knot. the clue. the centre of all these mists &
Jerolaty; adversity: are this noble city that calls
to the parish the white shops with all their dark doorways
& buys a thousand ships weekly up the river.

~~Churches a Cathe~~
Abbeys a Cathedrals.

It is a commonplace, but we can hardly help repeating it, — that St Paul's dominates London. It quietly rises, like a grey bubble, from a distance: it looms over us in a huge & menacing way afterwards. And yet it seems, when we are actually beneath it, in one of the very old narrow streets that lead to the ~~building~~ But behind St Paul's, beneath St Paul's, round St Paul's, how London has shrunk! Here were ~~How it~~ Here were colleges with their quadrangles; & monasteries with just such a cloisters. Now these have all shrivelled into small squares of Soho blue stone, about a foot square, let into the walls of offices. Here was room for tournaments; & Shakespeare & Other hosts such talk as we may suppose that Shakespeare ~~Other women~~ seem to have suffered the same

d wooed, & made Coss dowdies fetched beneath them,

There vast buildings are home to scores of different enterprises, myriads of little human boys & girls seem also to have multiplied & thrive. On a the Wretched thin legs out of a talker; now they scuttle & hasten, Noisy off omnibuses, drive into traffic; & for Scarcely seem two men, two minutes, two indistinguishable are from the rest, to be given name & character. We Here clear the the street & step into a church the peace that the dead enjoyed compared with the living is brought home to us. Even One

and has his Nicholas Hawksmoor ~~wrote~~ & Burlington 1720. Then again, popularity is

busy —

behold how we jostle & shove & elbow & disincommode each other; always here we in the street; how ~~we~~ eminently important time has become — how eagerly we rush at it.

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~~Above thyth we are,~~ The mere process of keeping alive need take all our
There is space for each broad hand of light to
fall smoothly. Death & all its terrors seem
~~Cast outside of~~ forbidden to enter here. Virtue &
Civic greatness have triumphed over enslavement
& encircled securely.
These dead, as dead they are, have never clothed themselves
in weary rags, hardly slept,
that they have lost rest; their fingers have been rubbed away.
They have outbleed fortune —
~~Even of their~~ dear Even

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~~But what is the~~

Nothing can be more romantic, more stimulating to the imagination, than the ~~sight of these~~ ships steaming into the mouth of the river, from warm seas & cold seas, from gales & calms & all the ports of the world. But ~~if we turn~~, & go back, to the immense city to which returning to the port of London. But if we turn & go back again, down up the river to London, what sight are they have anchored, once they have been caught & tethered, what ~~an extraordinary contrast~~ it seems as if all romance were over. But we turn & go back to the London, no sight can be more dismal. The banks are ~~[illegible]~~ lined with dingy decrepit looking warehouses.

Now the passengers have left the ships: the sailors have been paid off. We look down ~~now~~ from the dock side into ~~anchored~~ ~~prisons~~; holds of the ships that ~~have~~ the caught, tethered come to anchor. ~~The cranes are~~ ~~They are now giving up their treasure.~~ ~~Fixed in~~ Indefatigable ~~[illegible]~~ cranes are dipping into their entrails. Barrels, sacks, crates are being lifted, swiftly, rhythmically, with the utmost order & despatch. These soft sacks, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ are stuffed with wool from Australia. These ~~[illegible]~~ barrels are packed with tobacco from Virginia. Rhythmically, with an swiftness & an order & organisation that have command admiration of the dexterity ~~seem to attain a~~ by their efficiency there ~~[illegible]~~ barrel is laid by barrel; case by case, ~~[illegible]~~ ... even & even down the aisles down the arcades in behind each other, in ~~[illegible]~~ ~~of each other~~, in endless ~~cathedrals~~ — ... in the cool white colourless carry room — big low, long, cold, without ornament, completely utilitarian; ~~these is the~~

[Left margin notes:] then the sight of all their various activities: of these all their ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ out.

picked up

warehouse room.

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a few. A thousand big ships each stuffed with merchandise
come here every week. ~~And each is methodically unloaded.~~
And each is has its sacks, its barrels, its load- its
meat, its wool, its timber, its wine, its tea, its tobacco,
its sugar, its paper, its tallow, its iron, its grain, its
fruit, its leather, its oil, its carpets its —
whatever it has gathered at ~~the ends of the world~~ from the
hills from the wood from the river from the forest,
from the earth & the world- stacked from it;
barrel by barrel, case by case, & then in order, & each, each
then, - for that is only the beginning - Each has its bags cut
opened, & sampled, & weighed & sorted: & without
waste, or effort, hurry, confusion, by a very few men;
working with the utmost organisation; working without
dispute or difficulty; & hanging in their work,
to say to the casual visitor, ~~Look at their~~ Would you
like to see what kind of thing we consume and in the stock.
Here is a rather fine make.
Here's ~~barrels~~ ! Look at this

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amber

~~Here is~~ a snake: ~~there is~~ a scorpion, ~~there is~~ a rare beetle; & ~~there is~~ a lump of a basin of quicksilver; or a decayed tusk; & the tooth of an Elephant; or a heap of mammoth tusks dug from the Siberian ice where they have lain there fifty thousand years 2 a lump of amber; or — there are some of the rarities or oddities that have been picked out of the vast merchandise & ~~stood upon a table~~. ~~But~~ & displayed on a table.

But ~~the~~ it is the Docks are not museums: their mission is ~~purely~~ utilitarian; & ~~the fact it is much more impressive to think that & the impressiveness of~~ beauty, curiosity, rarity — these are off shoots & bye products. For instance, faced on the floor with all the other tusks, is a heap of ~~large brown~~ tusks larger & browner & ~~perhaps~~ than the others. But the fact that these are the tusks of mammoths ~~which have been~~ dug from the Siberian ice, in ~~which where they have lain for some~~ ~~fifty~~ thousand years does not ~~protect them from the~~ endow them with any merit in the ~~expert who~~ eyes of an expert. A mammoth tusk ~~50,000~~ fifty thousand years old does not yield such perfect billiard balls as the tusk of a fine african Elephant killed a month or two ago. The ~~H~~ Siberian mammoth is apt to warp; it serves therefore only to make the cheaper kind of looking glasses & umbrella handles. In fact, if you buy a cheap ~~tooth brush~~ or ivory handled button hook it is quite likely that you are buying a the ~~tusk~~ relic of mammoth. ~~But the~~ ~~the~~ ~~trade~~ bone of an animal that has lain under the ice before England was an island.

~~The~~ Whatever ~~But the ivory~~ ~~A different~~ But ~~the state of values in the Docks is~~ the ~~little~~ mammoths are salable. Everything in the whole world, one comes to feel, has its uses. The

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architecture in generality of trade has ~~not only found~~ has
armed with malleable curiosity, inflexion beyond the
bound of imagination. No thing yet the teeming belt of Queen
produce that has not been tested, examined,
to found useful for this or for that. We are shown
the ship below there, has has The cranes are stacked
barrels of wool from that ship. And the some of the
wool is coarse & greasy. The grease is extracted &
serves as a base for face cream. The bales are
bound together, to save space, with iron thongs. The
thongs are sent to Germany, made into safety razors.
Not a scrap remains of all this vast litter, of all
this accumulation is left to waste. or to chance.
No bugler need come here to sample his tobacco humbly:
the Port of London can be trusted to choose a sample
that is a fair test of the barrel. And so with the wool.
It, in the process of examination some tufts of
wool get pulled out & left on the floor, these the
dust bales are weighed & the loss made good; & the
bale stitched up by men skilled armed with long
needles & hanks of string. Even the bars that
block in the wood of certain kinds of ship show
that the block has fed a rich harbour. For
anything can have Beauty of course, even this
not bright, comes unbidden through the openings in the
walls, lights over the roofs & checks beneath: dancing
the masts: watching the movements of dark labourers.
And this a fact, which is suddenly & convincingly made
manifest. That if you turn aside resolutely from
the prospect of beauty, if you make a warehouse
purposely set to be a warehouse, & a crane
addressed to be a crane, beauty is added in
abundance. For the high warehouse doors often open

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the openness but very serious
a view of the roofs & things: upon men handling of casks; &
then the fly: upon a cavern under the ground, where in a
cell we are handed out lamps hyed to the end of long
blades of wood. what an enlivening spectacle meets us
as we wave these lights among the arches &
pillars of the wine vaults! It is in a place larger
than that of all the largest of Crypts, or a Dim, chill,
sacerdotal atmosphere we peer at casks & casks &
casks & casks of wine, lying solemn, dark; gravely
maturing: slowly ripening; in the finest, well
tempered air of the vaults. Here & there a gas
jet burns, not so much to give light, as to shed
that air of dim beauty, & to reflect just sufficient
distance, & arches deep behind arches, as to
produce precisely that degree of temperature which
suits the temper of the wine. In proof of this;
one is told to notice the fungus — the white cotton wool
like growth which is kept in check from the low
damp ceiling. This fungus proves that the
the air is of the right degree of dampness. This a
to webby cobwebs substance, which showed in the warmth
of the hand. And then, as of discharging a ritual,
the [redacted] And from taps Even the language
has adapted itself with happy alacrity to the
needs of commerce. This is A jack becomes a
thief. A mob A glass tube for sucking up a
sample of wine is a valinch; Lucy. The stroke
on either side of the barrel which makes the bung
start out is to the result most Economical &
Jetting out in the world. the Cat
It has been arrived at by years of trial & experiment.
Now in its perfection it cannot be improved on.
But possibly the people are not drinking so much

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The only thing that can change the routine, the order, the fitness of the routine arrived at in the docks is a change in ourselves. Just now, in autumn, that we give up drinking port after dinner - The vaults are not so full as they were a hundred years ago.

Indeed, as we stand on the Quay and watching the cranes dip & swing & dip & swing, - we realise that the boiler which calls the ships from the sea is this body of ours. For our shoes our furs our skulls our bags our umbrellas, the tea & meat we have had for luncheon - all we have called all these commodities to us across the years. Whatever we want these ships will bring us. Warmth & light come are in their gift. One feels an important, a highly complex & necessary Arsenal, standing as in the heart of London, beyond Tower; feeding the sailing ships & the steam ships come to us & come to anchor here. And this is the bizarelle that we first new light is a fraction of the innumerable barrels of tobacco. And this coat came from Australian pastures. And very likely this umbrella handle was dug up in Siberia where it has lain under the ice for fifty thousand years. Meanwhile, that flag shows that the doctor is on board the ships: & that other that the ship is going to sail. They are off again, & this a difficult matter to pass through the locks, because there has been a fog as well, & the towns are jostling Each other as they pass out; as they distribute the bales over London.

was once flourished by mammoth Trampers in Siberia

50,

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Hearts & Hoofs.

Down in the docks one sees things in their crudity, their bulk, their unwieldiness. Here in Oxford Street they have been transformed refined & transmuted. They flutter fairly transparent from the long rails: of the they still sit from baskets: they hang delicate & many coloured as butterflies clustered in glass cases. The huge barrels of damp tobacco has been rolled into innumerable neat cigarettes. And the whole ~~process of~~ The handling & the The whole process of handling & The ~~has~~ great ~~has~~ corpulent bales of wool have become their vests & ~~the~~ of pink & blue & fine petticoats. The grease ~~has found its~~ ointment the wools to wool has become scented cream ~~ointment~~ as the sachets for delicate skins. And the hosts those who sell & those who buy are have suffered the same change.

Oxford Street ~~is~~ is not London's most distinguished Street. Severe moralists have been known indeed to complain that the ugliness of human degradation. Fashion & has secret crannies, of Hanover Square, wound above Bond Street to which it withdraws to perform its more sublime rites. ~~There in Oxford~~ Street ~~one~~. In Oxford Street things are two a penny one & and Eleven three. ~~Two a penny the~~ The Jabs the bargain, the auction are two ~~a~~ blatant & two raucous. But, as one saunters towards the sunset, the fragrance & sadness of the Great rolling ribbon of Oxford Street has its pleasure, its fascination, its likeness to a ~~lobster~~ The herbaged bank as river washed by

& where with the ~~the~~ lights & the colour perpetual sunset seems to crowd over the manhole Arch

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a bright stream. Everything glitters & twinkles. In For the
first Spring day bring out barrows ~~to~~ of fruit filled with
tulips, violets, daffodils in brilliant layers. There
frail vehicles get in the way of the traffic. Men too are
Men expanding flow Japanese flowers in tumblers which
have the magic power to expand a little slip of
coloured paper into a blushing rose, a whole forest
of bushes roses & chrysanthemum, a subaqueous
flora & the utmost splendour. Then again, tortoises
resting on grass lettuce of straw — the slowest &
most contemplative of creatures display their
mild activities up bye Street on the more retired
pavements of bye Streets. For ~~The Strand~~ ~~That anybody~~
But that rare one infers that the desire of the
Like the desire of the moth for the star, man for the tortoise & must exist; & that one of this
crowd who have, or add a tortoise to her basket
but the sight is ~~if an yet to be seen~~ is rare. ~~& would~~ ~~then again~~
deserves more notice than most.
~~But it has often~~ But if Most

~~The bray & brilliance of Oxford Street, however,~~
~~But no one knows but Oxford Street~~ is
~~& celebrated not do~~ The character of Oxford Street
is not refined exactly. One has the feeling that
one the very news blared forth on the placards is
more sensational, more immediate than
elsewhere. The basement seems to sprout tragedies
& divorces, famous cricketers have been drowned
when, in the Strand Street, one would which are not
Flourish in the more exciting pavements of the City. never to be read in back streets. And the new
changes flicker here than in any other part of
London. People lick the Strand red & black
words instantly off the paper. Dump
new sheets are clamoured, with their vast

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Otor The mind, or whatever the slab is that takes impressions becomes more flutterous in Oxford Street than elsewhere. One feels that a film is being rolled off before it incessantly. Murder, divorce, unsalted tragedy — the flattened cheek tells print themselves incessantly upon the retina as one trudges past. And parcels slap & hit: & brass flaps the kerb: & the traffic is held up, & coagulates like a stream of broken bits of colour; & yet the people never pupa-ge picture-goers: & yet the people never lets stop to selves. It is always streaming on again, in perpetual race & disorder, like the crazy race of Cain trees beneath hegstacks over the falls of Niagara.

But as the banks of this particular stream, our modern aristocrats have built palaces which just as, in ancient days, the Duke of Somerset & Buckingham, & the Earls of Worcester Salisbury lined the Strand with their stately mansions. The different homes of the great firms testify to the courage the success the audacity of their creators: just as They are aristocrats in embryo. From their lords such names the Howards & the Cavendishes of the future; since even by the dubbing of such gentlefolk that the Howards & the Cavendishes of the past rose to Greatness. And the aristocrat of Great Lords of Oxford Street are as magnanimous as any Duke or Earl who scattered gold, or fed dole out flour, loaves to the poor. Only their largesse taken a different form. At

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It takes the form of display, of colour, of invitation, of help, of giving the longer the Electric light by night, of plate glass windows showing the richest goods in the most attractive array by day. You need not spend more than one & eleven three & Get all the shelter of the height & the two awning halls is provided, & the softness of rich carpets; & the luxury of lifts: & the One need not solicitation & endless articles drawn from every ship that sails the sea, & staff versed practised in the up in the most attractive most fascinating of forms. All these gifts are given in- with no more self seeking than the old princely dole.

And yet, But we feel that this generosity. tentia
these gifts of wine are given with an object — that we
from our pockets; Rhenish three & eleven three & a half a bottle of claret
no doubt were Expected a vote or a vote in return
for their munificence: & they Certainly Whether it was a
Dedication from a poet or a vote from a farmer.
And Both the old Lord & the new Lord
And both the old Lord & the new Lord added
considerably to the entertainment & decoration of life.

Whether, however, ought
But it cannot be denied that there
Oxford Street palaces are rather glaring. One is
conscious that one is walking on a strip of wood
laid when a steel girder & that the outer wall,
for all its ornate Carving is a thin but a
stone
few inches thick. Every there is the
humblest cottage, built Country cottage has a builder
(A vegetarian grub with an umbrella might keep the wheels
fabric & the grove.

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Building a Cottage for

~~built to shelter a miller or a farmer before~~
built to shelter a farmer or a miller when Queen Elizabeth was
on the throne ~~had more taste~~ considerably more fame
~~for art did~~ with long extent we these palaces fall into
the dust; ~~all~~ ~~It walls still resist the present age,~~
The oak, ~~the~~ ~~brick~~ The oak & the brick & the
Cement that went to make it walls stole after
past up a stout resistance to the drills & forces that
assailed to ~~raise~~ introduce the modern blessing of
~~Edict Act~~ Electricity. But any day one may see
the Oxford Street ranchis; at the top age workman's
~~the present age~~ as the stands perilously high, o
knocks off clever walls & facades for as lightly as
as if they were made of cardboard & sugar icing.
And again the moralist point the finger of scorn.
For such ~~themselves~~, such unsubstantiality, such
papery stone & inadequate brick reflect the levity the
extravagance the hurry & irresponsibility of our days.
~~For But here again~~ Yet perhaps they are as much
entitled their scorn as one would be ~~often~~ asked either
daily that it should be cast in bronze, & steel
~~pleased for~~ have petrals of imperishable Enamel.
The effect of Modern London ~~are~~ is ~~not built to last~~. And
its ~~charm~~, effectiveness, its undeniable dash &
flutter, its flamenen & transparency & ~~for~~
~~at~~ ~~and~~ ~~un~~ & unreality ~~are defend~~ ~~are~~ ~~to~~ arise
~~largely~~ defend ~~trivial the~~ are of a different
order, give a different pleasure, achieve a different
end altogether from ~~the stately & the heavy & the~~
that to the stableness & the heaviness & the air
of everlasting durability which the old nobles
required in their houses. ~~Later, they~~ Their
pride required the illusion of permanence.

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Man, on the contrary, seems to boast that we can make
stone glass velvet our passing moods, our changing desires
Our We do not build for our descendants, whose may need
needs may be different, but for ourselves at the moment.
Change And the impulse makes for creation, for
perishable, for life. We knock down; but & rebuild
& Exult to be knocked down & rebuilt. How we
As we Designs
for the Invention is stimulated: discovery is at its
invention is on the alert. The Lords palaces &
Stand Great regardless of what the Gods thought fond or
the Elizabethan noble reared for his retinue; or
the Englishman the they are overwhelmingly cautious that
The pressure & under somehow want members of human society can be
The mind. they can show off dress cars, dress stuffs, to more can,
hand bags, Ladies dress, perfumes, stocking, to the
in the most effective, most attractive way they write
perish: & their work hurple with them. Hence their
halls: this shaw; this ornament; hence these
fantastic effects of curtains, pillars, these the
lavishness, the distance, the attempt to convey by
the mind of the multitude an impression of
unchangeable beauty, grandeur, for ever fresh. Ever
new, ever different out of a bottomless well -
Hence they sketch, shape, plant & generally make
the avenues the lightness the openness of this building
Their just entrance; so on to.
Age, decay,
solidity, permanence - these are the least of these
ask this: is about what could be more abhorrent?

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Therefore if the moralist chooses to take his afternoon walk
down Oxford Street ~~his Comment there is much to~~
he must change his note tune. ~~Life is~~ Oxford is a cheap
~~Mayfair~~ little more Convict than Mayfair To have a
Even allowance of £30 thirty pounds a year is no
more a sign of immorality than to have one of
~~£~~ five hundred. ~~And those who Cater for the~~
Life is a arduous: ~~life~~ it stretches the muscles & tautens
the mind. Probably very few people wish to buy
fortunes, but there is an off chance; time will
reveal my barrow ~~if~~ as slowly as the Fates allow.
I am not thinking of Educating the mass to a higher
standard of aesthetic sensibility I am thinking how to
Dividing my forces into a minimum of waste & a
maximum of effectiveness: I am forced to
finger & look & barter, cheapen because my husband is
a small clerk & his wife has to dress creditably
when we have our friends to dinner. I am
a thief, a reformable, but it takes a good deal
of pluck & character to snatch a bag from the
Counter when a Customer is not looking. I am
a ~~It~~ is a terrible risk, buying silk, when the
budget may inspire a duty which leaves me with
all this on my hands. But shop keeping is a
hazardous pursuit— I ~~And so~~ There are
but a handful of the voices of Oxford Street;
Cryers, all tense, all real, all uttered by people
who are staking ~~every~~ nerve to ~~&~~ keep afloat
on the pounding, Caruelen, ~~sea~~ remorseless tide.
For even a moralist— who is, one must observe,
generally well ~~much~~ off, ~~since~~ he can stroll about

he must take note of all these odd elements

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Down Oxford Street in the ~~daylight~~, afternoon, a has a
nice taste in morals, art, & letters, even a moralist
must end by saying that here in this sandy
vulgar earthly street, life seems more ephemeral,
the passingness of life, its fret & fever, are at their
greatest: a man's ardour, his courage, his invention,
are ~~flung~~ trodden; & there is every reason to make
~~an effort that~~ here at their feeblest; &
even if no building can honestly last more than
ten years, that is a reminder, & not an horribly
depressing one, of the slightness of our
little lives: & an stimulus - to live inventively
courageously, up to the limit of our powers - But.
One cannot stand still to moralize in Oxford Street.
But under some adroit shopkeeper has collected
onto the area a shrewd cells for dolichos thinkers,
busy with fresh plant, provided with
cantonnais flow worms & a death's
head moth or two - one cannot finish
one's moral reflections in Oxford Street.

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The House of Commons.

Entitled the House of Commons, there stand the
statues of great statesmen, each a thing as real
that have had their bath. And inside the House's
of Parliament, in those Cavernous & Echoing halls
where people are for ever passing & repassing,
taking green cards from Parliamen, asking
fellowmen. Statues, according members, stooping at the
head of Schoolmasters, gaping & nodding, laughing
& pas hurrying along with left hakers, boxes,
attaché cases, & all the other Emblems of business &
hasts, — here two are statues - Gladstone, Granville
Ranelagh - white marble statues, ~~who~~ gazing with
white marble eyes on the old scene where & bustle in
which, not so very long ago, they played their part.
~~Not at all very~~ There is nothing venerable or time worn or
here. The raucous shout of "The Speaker." heralds
a solemn procession ~~like procession~~ which
in ~~which head waiters~~ whose only pomp is
provided by the mace, & the wig. Heathen Jews -
wigs, & the badges of the head waiters & The
raucous voice shouts again " Hats off. Strangers" -
& the Commoners ~~only~~ at which a number of
two old felt hat ~~are in the air~~. Come off
obediently. But the tramping yet,
Perhaps there the bawling race. the black Jowls,
the common tramp & the procession, is
perfectly in Keeping somehow respects, better
than scarlet & trumpets, that the Commons

authority

Ceremonial or Ceremonious law.

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are taking their places in their own home to get along with
the business of their own country. Vague though our feeling
moreover may be we cannot help feeling that we commune
upon this night of all others with our ancestors. & that we
can do without trumpeters & tabard. are for the other
House – the useless ornamental obsolete Lords.
The House of Commons is not in the least noble,
magnetic, or beautiful. The whole effect is terribly
that of a modern dejected public building, of the
usual shininess & ugliness. The oak of Commons is
grained yellow. The windows of Lords are crudely
painted with coat of arms. The floor of Lords is
laid with strips of red matting. The benches of Lords
are covered in serviceable leather. Only the mace
laid out Also their inkstands. White papers are
perpetually fluttering about the floor. Gentlemen's
legs are rested rest on the table. Gentlemen's
Lords are coming & out all the time. They are
then are whispering, speaking & cracking jokes
incessantly. The many doors are perpetually
swinging. Even the central island of despatch-
authority where the speaker sits under his canopy is
pierced when by twelve or so passing members, &
some members legs rest on the edge of the table
where the mace lies in repose: & the two huge
bound boxes seem to contain [illegible] seem to contain
something secret. Dotting & every moving is
restless. The House of Commons reminds one of
flock of birds settling on a stretch of slough land:
they never alight for more than a few minutes.
& some birds are always circling & flying in:
others are always coming back to settle again.
And a perpetual jabble arises: a cawing & a croaking:

to be
to come
marching
along
under the
mace
ahead of us

The acts of
papers
seem to be
always
fluttering

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~~Had we not for some sorrows~~

One has to remind oneself that this is the Home of Commons
Here the destinies of the world are altered. Here the history is
made. Here the ~~the~~ men who sway the ~~Here the~~
by whose men we are governed. ~~Laws~~, & our purses
are at their mercy. We shall obey their orders every
day of ~~their~~ our lives. They are ~~deciding~~ making war or
peace. They are deciding how fast we shall drive in
Hyde Park: ~~how much we shall pay for our~~
~~clothes & food.~~ ~~They are~~ And they seem not so very
much different from other people. The standard of
dress is rather high. ~~We~~ The hat ~~brushed~~ top hat is
~~England.~~ ~~Legs~~ There are magnificent button holes to
be seen. Everybody has been well fed, & seems a good
Educational doubtless. But ~~might~~ their chatter & laughter
high spirits & impatience & irrelevance belongs to
~~has unofficial ways~~. & irrelevence are
presently not a whit more decorous or better mannered
judicious & better mannered than any other assembly
~~the~~ Yet, after a time, some ~~other~~ difference makes
itself felt. We feel that the ~~House of Commons~~
~~has a peculiar method of its own~~ Commons is
a body which has its own laws. Perhaps its laws are
to disregard certain laws. Perhaps it is irrelevant in
a way of its own; & so, by presumably, ~~Its~~ irrelevant ~~to~~
in its own way. ~~Much to~~ It has, somehow,
a code of its own. People who disregard its code
would be unmercifully chastised; those who
are in tempo with it will be condoned other mis-
demeanours ~~It is like a football School~~; ~~Yet~~
~~Something~~ what it condemns what it condones only those who

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how been stiched into traditions & have its character by heart
can possibly be true. For us, hooked as we are, under the
stretching of rules — but — warden — but even there, in
harmony with the temper of the place, where they lie at
feasible ease on their knees — it is possible only to
observe that rules there are: a code there is; the
Commissaire is a & that nothing could be more
assure that genuine virtue courage or any other quality
should succeed, should they fail in some more essential
& indefinable mental glibe.

informal temper of the place. Look their knees,

And how, one asks, are any of these confident well groomed
breeched gentlemen going to turn into statues?
There is Mr. Baldwin, very neat, very clean shave,
Unobtrusive, sensible, a shrewd — but how is he
going to be turned into a black man in a bath towel!
The thought is absurd. Any patron a federal —
draped in a black thing towel? Any bust any
statue of Mr Austin Chamberlain could surely
would fail that greatly if it did not present a
faithful picture of his top hat. Mr. Henderson
seems radically opposed to the severity of marble.
As he answers questions, his fair complexion flushes
redder, & his hair seems to have been ruffled down
with a wet brush ten minutes ago. Sir William
Jowett at time might of me took off his bow
tie & in marble, if modelled by a
good Victorian local Sculptor much in the style
of the Reform Club. But Ramsay Macdonald
has features, as the photographers say, &
could take well a marble arm chair in a
public square without looking conspicuously
ridiculous. But for the rest, one

for all the world like a country gentleman poking pigs — Get he was Prime Minister of England.

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Lawyer

from Kingdom

~~touch as we may among their Lords, there is not a single~~
immovable, irremovable: Natures are impossible. Here
Mobile, irreverent, Commonplace, red faced, pushy nosed,
Squeaky Lawyer, Burgess, Rotund & Bald, tall &
Small — their Prime Reality, their Enormous
Virtue — & interest lies merely in the fact that a
more normal, average, decent looking set of
Ordinary human beings could not be found in the
same Area. ~~If nature had gifted them~~ The
Flashing Eye, the arched forehead, the dreaming
nervous hand, ~~the are not to be found in the Heroes~~
~~of Common.~~ The great man would be looked to
Dent by all these cheerful little men. The
Greatest man Prime Minister lonely, whose name
is ~~subject to the laughter~~ has to ~~deal & borrow~~
~~at the demand of~~ Look how they chaff the
Lough at the Prime Minister. Observe how freely
the great officers of the Crown are mentioned in
Crown have ~~to the a answer~~ Crown Examined by
insignificant but perfectly self-confident little men
from any part of the house.

~~In the Gentleman it answers~~ proceed:

next by a little man with a confident accent. Neither
Here the least trace of fear or ~~awe~~ reverence.
If the Prime Minister showed them in a Nature, their
characters will not be reached here in the
among the irreverent Common.

Suddenly, however, the fire of questions stopped. The
Secretary for Foreign affairs rose & read a statement
to the House about some ~~its~~ difficulty with Germany,
which the ~~about~~ papers which he had laid ~~on~~ proposed to deal

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there has been a change in the attitude of the measures he was taking. He told how he had seen the German ambassador on Friday night at the Foreign Office on ~~Monday~~ Friday evening. He had crossed to Paris — seen M. Briand on Monday last. In conversation with M. Briand he had said ——

And now we see that after all the blocks & rough marble on the floor of the House; in other words, these Foreign Secretaries & Prime Ministers are responsible for acts which will remain when their flesh & cheeks & lips & hats are long ashes. ~~Fate Caddy is interesting only, if it be felt that what they are, what they look like does not matter, but these are matters of great moment.~~ Makes a great moment in the fate of millions of people does break these ordinary normal people: carves them out; makes them stand up; leaves them, when time has passed, the emblems, the records, the instruments; ~~But nothing~~ time cut the same time, what could be clearer, more moral? Time was no doubt, when the Fascist Foreign Secretary looked his part. Signing a treaty embodied him. He was no common, hard-worked man of business, with a small car, a villa, & a passion for golf & can only afford to get Saturday off for a game of golf. In the old days secrecy, solemnity were ~~then~~ the man was dressed up to fit the picture. Then fulminations, peroration shook the air. Pitt thundered. Burke was sublime. Indubitably was expensive. Now, ~~things~~ more two fast: what was once done by two no single human being can cope with public affairs. ~~Mr~~ There is no time to attend when

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eloquence. Secrecy is unkept. The conduct of affairs has passed from the hands of individuals to the hands of Committees. The intricacies & convolutions of personality are traffickings that get in the way of progress. Better The watchword now is despatch: politics have ceased to be an art. ~~The Are cannot be how~~ And yet these ~~Statues with~~ Statues will be carved, but surely they will become more & more monolithic; blank & characterless; like granite plinths on which no man. to mark battles. What single man in future will be able to lay his impress upon public affairs? Already, before the Commons has yet heard the gun has printed the thunderous words; the wireless has broadcast them: ~~we have no~~ over Caucuses of this enormous audience, ~~of~~ + he is under no compulsion to speak intimately; he is addressing not the Commons, but the world. The old days of personal ascendency & secrecy & the power of birth & the power of language, & wit & invective & patronage are over; because there is ~~no~~ ~~the~~ taken time: & time is lacking: gets in the way of progress; & we the public who have forced our way into the Galleries can not put up with the old slow evasions & diplomacies any more.

Gladstone. Asquith, Disraeli Curzon are to develop a name a collar a Crown a Peerage & a Statue after?

~~If this is true, then~~

But if the days of small deliberate Halls are over, why, one wonders, as one climbs down from the Gallery, past the warders, hears the bawling voices - Somebody seem always to be shouting - why shaped into the age of ~~vast halls~~ architectured dawn? Westminster Hall

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~~There is the the vastness, the impressive, the dignity~~ of Westminster Hall raise its immense dignity as we have not. Little men & women are moving about the floor. They appear menial; they like figures, hideable, perhaps, also venerable; as we be as in their under the curve of the vast arches, under the fold of the ceiling.
Are we not rather like to be a small animal in a vast Cathedral. Rebuild the world as a splendid hall; let us give up making statues & pictures: Let us see whether democracy cannot make a much finer job of it than the old sheltered aristocracy: reach a higher beauty, a wider span. But there are still such immeasurable problems Shakespeare never came to see that we do not have on with our democracy too fast.
Admission is only on Saturdays between the hours of 10 & 12 — Need a acquaintance buy a guide. Theatre the kind of note which checks our dreaming progress. And we must note moreover a distinct tendency in this corrupt habit soaked mind to stop & ponder, here stood King Charles to at his trial: how when they condemned him: here sat the Earl of Essex: here Guy Fawkes: & Sir Thomas More- land stream. Like to think, in its bright though thin, when you are old now, some trembling hand.

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Lockhart's Literary Criticism
with an introduction & bibliography by
Blackwell. Clive Hillyard 6/—

Lockhart was not an ambitious man, & ~~was~~ a man with
for all his powers he was rather careless
careless ~~of the best~~ in the use ~~of them~~ he made ~~of them~~.
~~He was content to be a~~ As a young man he was
content to write the irresponsible of anonymous
reviewing; & as an older man, ~~he~~ he ~~settled down to~~
~~that sedate~~ the same ephemeral ~~& formidable~~
occupation suited him well enough, though he penned them
~~prosperously~~ from his editorial chair in Albemarle
Street, & more sedately, more comfortably, but not
often ~~also with~~ any ~~more~~ greater & added view of his mission.
He was a reviewer, & a reviewer he held was not
somebody whose business was to give an author a
chance to explain himself. A review showed
Captain as much of the writer & an editor of the
reviewer as possible. Hence though Lockhart
pursued his calling with great industry & must have
filled many volumes, his Editor has ~~left~~ kept
few book ~~holds~~ & ~~all~~ holds all that his editor
thinks worth preserving. And if Lockhart had
not written the life of Scott, & if Lockhart had not
been ~~forced upon~~ taken part in some famous
fights, there would have been no Editor perhaps at all
but the work would work done, both
because Lockhart was too fine & free a spirit not to
put life even into his journalism & because his
journalism his fate, as it happened, to be called upon

with Archdeacon
when his Editorial
Crown to cut and
what remains
& the gems his
the finish. for
as his
La Mesian, Even
when the reader
he tells. There
are gems
fresh words all.

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Hence barely
Lockhart appears to the land as to have
to show God [illegible] all the mystery of the
mystery, romance, & the beauty of poetry, the
& the Court [illegible] dei. legit & theorem leaves
a key

to review [illegible] the first appearance of
writers who [illegible] got part the drama spaces of & marked the ashes; & [illegible]
of them to that they are no longer appreciated
perhaps any longer treat them as [illegible] are in danger
of talking them of anything other two calmly, unmercifully, & as a
matter of course.

Lockhart. forced to go first. & to tackle that very
dangerous person a new writer, was almost always
wrong in detail & right in man. Given
that is to say one born by an [illegible] unknown
poet called Keats, before Tennyson, has proved
ridicule upon it, — & this his judgment seem to have
been right, for Tennyson accepted it — but the fact
that he singled at Tennyson, & directed his powers.
Thus to him, shew that he was aware that
figure was of importance had ruin. his critical
sense of proportion was right, though the detail
was too near, as we get too magn. for him to
see what was given the blunderings we can see after
a century. The article on Keats, if he was responsible for the it
[illegible] review, was an example of one of them
falls that a [illegible] early reviewer must take if he
is in a hurry. Even if he is disinterested; & in the
case of some, Lockhart had was not suspecting

proves that a Contemporary reviewer, who is a good one,

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Keats the poet, not Keats the Cockney. After all, nobody
of reviewing is not done, Even in these days of
innumerable books, in air tight Chambers ~~where~~ Even
~~Certain facts about John Keats~~ today are possible that
the publisher of the paragraph that has let out the fact that
there is ~~the first work of a young man who was brought up~~
~~to be a doctor,~~ the first work of a young man who took
leg in the war, or ~~was~~ has an ~~uncle in the~~ father in the
Home or Common. So Lockhart knew that Keats was
had been bred as an apothecary & was a friend of Leigh
Hunt. If his author had been John Smith, nobody would
have minded. All his personal anemonies were
proved. He was barely a scholar & a gentleman. He
was called Hunt. He hated Cockneys. The results are
notorious. And yet with all these drawbacks
there is a freshness, a gentle tenderness about the
contemporary new which inevitably fades with
time. One wishes one could go back for a moment to the first time of reading Endymion: to
the frank, genuine, absurdly fresh Keats mind
in which one speaks of Mrs Shelley as a
remarkable "The Department of our literature has,
without doubt, sustained a heavy loss in the
Early death of this unfortunate & misguided gentleman"

impeccable
dog!

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So he always seized upon Charlotte Brontë, & said that Jane Eyre was worse 'fetty Trollopes & Martineaus rolled into one Lytton-Bulwer, with fetty Dickenses & Bulwers to keep them company" — but — & here again time has "very coarse." Morals & customs again are points which stink as we get further from them. Nowadays ~~But the~~ Chief ~~Drawback~~ danger Morality is one of the great drawbacks of contemporary criticism. ~~A woman~~ If a book Jane Eyre was by a woman, ~~& was~~ She was 'very coarse' Atheism ~~was also~~ But atheism & ~~Lady Isabella~~ was a grave crime in a man. Shelley came under that censure. And then the ~~reviewer cannot help, Even though he was~~ Determined But the article on Keats . . . if Lockhart wrote it, is the classic example of the ~~danger~~ to which these valiant men must are daily exposed. ~~Here is~~ Nobody even today, Can keep his wisdom so tight that that no irrelevant ~~nonsense~~ nonsense we can creep in.

And yet pooh at admitting that the review was bad Every one, & still Jane Keats a monument which, Shows that Lockhart knew that he was worth abusing.

And ~~how far can~~ what more than that — Can a reviewer know?

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Lockhart ~~had~~ was a very clever man. He ~~felt~~ sneaked into his journalism in that ~~this~~ theory that journalism is not the ~~thing~~ for them. And thereby him Lodyard ~~take~~ him too highly as a critic, ~~he~~ he is an illustration of the ~~he never~~ as a reviewer, [as an unrepentant reviewer, as a reviewer who never thought that his reviews would be taken out ~~of their Element~~ the kindly Element of monthly print, ~~he leaves~~ ~~he makes~~ & made to stand on their own feet by themselves in a book he ~~makes~~ leaves as an exellent example of what reviewers are, &] & ~~makes~~ leaves to show the dangers, the lies, the ~~the~~ ~~a~~ these curious ~~they~~ irrepressible carelessness, whose lives, ~~if~~ they are fay & ~~fleeting~~ fay as a gnats, are also as short. Here is one of them who has got himself, rather against his will, penned down in a ~~for~~ book; & it is highly amusing to ~~see what~~ look at him for a moment transfixed.

His first & most essential ~~quality~~ ~~must have been what~~ something ~~that~~ ~~in~~ ~~other~~ walks of life would be called Courage. A new & unknown writer is a very dangerous person. Such names as Keats, Wordsworth, Byron, Tennyson, Coventry ~~had~~ nothing to ~~them~~ Lockhart ~~to~~ them. The chances ~~were~~ are that they are all the usual race of Scribblers; but on the other hand there may be ~~one~~ somebody important among them; ~~& another time there~~ ~~something has to be written~~; & there for Lockhart ~~has been~~ the reviewer to advance bobbing, & alone, with his pen in his hand & make the attack. ~~But~~ Thus ~~that was~~ is Courage ~~however~~ ~~was not~~ which serves a common ~~soldier~~ is not ~~is not enough~~. was by no means enough. He had ~~something~~ to distinguish. A sound

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Reverse The [illegible] of

Cockneys;

Slick header to

reverse the poem

as Cockneys

absorb hydrocarbons.

A great deal of scattered information are necessary.
classical education wanting: he had been educated at Oxford, & had done very well in the Schools.
Mrs Shelley for example wrote about the Greeks. So did Mrs Keats.
Godwin & Brontë were both novelists. Jeffrey was a
critic — so was Macaulay. Beckford & Borrow were both
travellers. Coleridge again was a poet, but, seemed, not in the
same line of business as Crabbe; & then there were
Leigh Hunt, Washington Irving, James Morier. & a
host all to be sorted, placed, given a name to, & handed on,
with a label round their necks to the public. Lockhart
was a highly educated man; but he had taken a
first at Oxford: he had considerable knowledge of Spanish, &
had read considerably more than most people then &c.
This was in his favour; ~~but but to some extent;~~
for he could be trusted to · but there were drawbacks.
The Lockharts were an old Scottish family, & when
you add Greek & Latin & Spanish & to a young man
of an old Scottish family you are making it
extremely hard for him not to ~~resent father~~ naturally & violently
be enraged by Cockney who writes about the classics.
~~It was impossible in those days,~~ with all the wish in
~~the world to be impartial, th~~ Lockhart In those days,
newspaper critics had. Sav. ~~It was the reprehensible;~~ of
human, the doors & windows of newspaper offices
must have stood ten times more than they do in our
present time. Rumour blew in, even about
unknown authors, like these. Keates & Shelley;
one, it was said, was the son of a livery stable keeper; the
other had been seven months in gaol for
[illegible] & [illegible]
Harriet, of Janey. ~~For all his courage & acumen,~~
Lockhart ~~was~~ could not choose but hear; & by
~~he~~ Lockhart, the friend of Wilson, this set of

a host a often — together with people who were about

an Oxford Education

natural antipathy to Cockney in the first place

& a friend of Leigh Hunt

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the brilliant young man who had to make a name for himself, the
being also high spirited & insolent & well born & perhaps
Cornish, tarpeian, & perhaps Cornish that his own novels & his own
poetry were not likely to come to much, he took that first
~~suffered the worst fate that can befall any reviewer.~~ He
~~took the worst for that can~~ rushed headlong to his
doom. What he said, or did not say, for there is still some
doubt, about Keatses Endymion, was not long enough
all that he did say fearlessly & valiantly about Wordsworth
Coleridge. But few reviewers can pass the pethet where
Lockhart hangs down perpetual pennons for one
unforgivable review in that a Thunder. And so today we
have no Lockharts & no pethets; & dare we threaten it? —
~~pethy poets~~ who ~~at last~~ ~~pethy~~ ~~great poets~~ writhing even to some
immortal poems every day of the week. know Keatses

So many Keatses that one

Lockhart of course was very sorry when he heard
that the poor young man was dead; & turned
but he had a wife & family dependent upon him. He
went on scribbling. — Now ~~it was a book~~ as Dry Rot; now as
it might be an Thrawdam, it might be an Infant Hurley it
might be an Lucian, it might be an Dry Rot — Kgan's
Patent, or it might be an Tennyson. Time had
not tamed him. He was as rash about Tennyson
as he had been about Keats. But the Tennyson
reviews were just as rash as the Keats reviews; but it
~~Contained~~ but Tennyson had no tendency to
Assumption; & many of Lockhart criticisms were
shrewd enough to be worth taking: Lockhart
about men we may think what Tarts, had at any rate
But as we turn over these Ephemeral pages, or
~~Make extracts from them as we go, we find that~~
~~it seems to be~~ the we become more &
possible to see the ~~it seems to be~~ the.

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what then emerges as we turn over these ephemeral, jaded
sketches, about the nature & capacities of a reviewer?
In the first place, he is at the beck & call of voices,
gossip, prejudice, that we cannot hear to deny. Then,
that He says quite seriously that Shelley is an
"unfortunate & misjudged gentleman". He calls Charlotte
He admires Jane Eyre immensely; but he feels that if
he is a woman wrote it, She was, in Lockhart's eyes "a
very coarse woman". X The reviewer is exposed to all
kinds of tugs & currents that we cannot feel. But
he has He is also at the mercy of Then again,
he is at the mercy of the times: he has can only
see half or a fragment of a whole. Something in
these seems to portend a great figure about to
emerge. He is going to be a very great novelist.
He sees they are out of proportion. He comes in
from the clamour & gossip & the day & cannot
sketch it & round out. He comes in to a long
row of books all which have no legend or
label to distinguish them. He can only He can
only His only He can do no more than
indicate; that the important figure is this
all he can do or would seem is to stroke like a
well trained hound a point; That is an unless
There is something there. That is somebody.
And Lockhart, if we judge by the title this
article, fulfilled this role. acted this part to
perfection. He He marked down the great figures of
his age. He knew that raged Tennyson,
because he knew that Tennyson was worth it. He

but even
By drawing
our eyes
can we
perceive
the influences
Essentials
That made
him
speak
him.

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would often have thrust so much that upon them & Leigh Hunt if he had not felt that they were formidable.

But Lockhart knew, in his disillusioned & clear sighted way born of disillusionment & ~~some private trouble~~, that there was another office was what he did was not worth the same thing as Hazlitt & Lamb & Hunt had value & Lamb themselves say they are not to be taken very seriously. A critic was a different order of being — Gifford was he was His known He is "universal, impartial, rational" — He has made up his mind upon "matters of such moment, that it is absolutely impossible to be a Life 16 Oct 17 His remarks on Gifford & Jeffrey that critic, while the mind remains unsettled in regard to them." Only such a man can / make the best of "gentle & universal critics.

~~Just to settle~~ such questions Taken from,

Lockhart seems to have a

Shrewd Jay & brilliant gnat might have been
DD somebody — how his wrists ~~would~~ ached the stem:
would like to be annoy them; but what with
~~was it~~ the new literary bantling, & the
stir & movement, the odd Saturn -
Excitements of the present moment, he
Cannot help him: he must be happy
reward them Brougham Jeffrey & the rest;
Just for the fun of it: ~~just to~~ earn a living,
And Lockhart clothes him in the ink
Good & Lockhart clothes him in the ink
reading the latest books,
Lockhart was Swedenborg

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Hence when he picked up Endymion by John Keats anybody who has the a Kindness for the race of reviewers must feel his blood run cold. ~~Lockhart~~ Here was his trial: here was his Chance. As Everybody knows, Lockhart ~~blundered~~ failed egregiously. And for that failure he has been pilloried ever since. Here he swings, an example to reviewers who are about to review a new book of poetry: ~~as the~~ No one who has seen him swinging in the wind can help ~~a~~ shudder a a sigh that ~~his fate may be ours~~ a happier fate may be his but the same fate might have been his.

For it is clear that as we look through Lockhart's criticism that to review new books as they come out is a very different matter from writing about them fifty years afterward. ~~How~~ They ~~after a time, a book~~ A new book is attached to life by all kinds of filaments: ~~It~~ The reviewer ~~he feels that~~ it ~~it~~ sets ~~all kinds~~ up all kinds of responses. ~~is~~ Keats was a friend ~~of~~ Leigh Hunt — that was one. Shelley was ~~was~~ an atheist that was another. ~~The author of~~ ~~The~~ The author of Jane Eyre was a woman, she was a very coarse ~~woman~~ woman: ~~it is all very well to say that~~ Time passes, & these ~~there~~ there is another — personality, morality, religion, morality all tell; & tell to the exclusion of other sounds. — It is all very well to say that these are accident & can be neglected; but ~~it is only time that~~ but it is a very different matter to Lockhart should have ~~dismissed all these~~ framed a deaf ear to these irrelevancies, & attended solely to the facts; but he was writing after all for a public that paid him to warn them of political ~~unsound~~ views & irreligion & immorality, & the voice the

Where are we the pleasant days of Cockaigne, the land of heart's desire

Yes! they were dear ones

Time's chariot Where days are no longer hear them.

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is ~~as more~~ to the voice of the public is also of
also one to be consulted on. Even Mr. Lockhart uses
not so far out as might be expected. He admired Mr
Wordsworth & Coleridge; has welcomed Borrow & Bickford. He
likened Jane Eyre at its first sight to Caleb Williams
Godwin & Hook has praised novels too highly.
For Probably because he was a novelist himself & therefore
had a creature interest in his profession, he praised the
Hook & Godwin beyond their deserts, as a critic
her own creative powers & thus deflected his judgment.
novels of Tennyson he decided, bullying him unfairly in with
the old ~~novelists~~, but not without acuteness.
In short, Quarrie as Editor of the Lockhart is
would seem to show that a reverence of
Contemporary work is well set the proportions
roughly right but the detail wrong. He will
single out from a list of unknown names those
that are of mark; ~~he will hardly~~ single them & above
them to far above Tennyson; but he will not
be able to say with any certainty why what qualities are
peculiar to them. Also he can tell us is that
A man brown eyes like; whether the hair is brown, or the
eyes more frequent a question he cannot say.

~~What~~ One may regret ~~is~~ that Lockhart, with
~~his training & intelligence~~ ~~opinions~~ did not ~~train his~~
~~powers in~~ ~~being a~~ ~~reviewer~~ engaged with Contemporaries,
& did not give himself the benefit of a wider
~~bent his mind so much when contemporaries~~, & did not
give himself the advantage of a longer perspective: He
might have written ~~more~~ more for posterity
& probably more for posterity authority upon the dead. But
He knew what criticism could be & defined the

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nature yet. He could see that Jeffrey had who had succeeded brilliantly as a reviewer had "no settled aim in life - with given indications of a man of research, in the next Century, to turn over the Volumes of his Review" He could perceive that he settled with his "ill-natured absence of command of temper ... especially formed for the purposes of political objurgation, but not at all for those of gentle & universal Criticism". He felt indeed that before reviewing can pass into the higher stage of criticism the Reviewer has to make up his mind upon "matters of such moment, that their absolutely importance to be a great critic while the mind remains unsettled in regard to them!"
Lockhart himself was too sceptical, too diffident, too handsome & much liked personally, too much aware of his own limitations, & too little inclined to take himself seriously, to push on into those adventurous regions where the mind is [illegible] & rebels down to think things out, & dwells in reverie on [illegible] a mood
Perhaps as he Wallis said he had fallen into the temptations of Easy life & love with [illegible] "The [illegible] Jack of
Life I 373
this [illegible] He was content to do an [illegible] of articles chiefly made of [illegible]
But [illegible] those in which there, by the Ears, by the motives, by the powers with which they are done that he had been living to write something very much better — a life of Scott indeed: & better than a life a Scott:
[illegible] But if

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And in spite of unbelievers, it cannot be denied, that
of autumn mornings, there are moments when,
when, content as we are in our estimable, searching,
classy, & disputatious, & right we rather envy them their
impertinence. One would like for a change to take up
Johnny Keats: without all this unbelief: to be shocked by
Shelley; athem; to defend the cowardice of the Borgias.
It would be A little irreverence is healthy.

Come now day, summer day, country day;
Draw at your silk robes, rustling blatibly among the
~~Early flowers; letting the~~ unopened roses; the hard
white head buds are still hard; white petals are not
yet blown; so that they stand on the table here
branched, lustrous, & only faintly red; among eggs,
& pots of home made jam; let the day
rise to the morning hours; with among my pots
of jam of preserved fruit, the golden plums;
looking, peering away, pouring rich sultanas
from their silver bag, &
rinsing the flour with the soft yeast; &
pulling out the soft bread in its bags; plunging
my hands into its warm inwards; & my
cupcakes my whole then I wash; & later,
letting the cold water stream fan wise through my
fingers; & all the hens are stood in the oven. The
fire roars: buzzy fizz so the flies round the
ceiling; & then, the women come;
hear the mowers & the rake; the & of the
mowers hey jolter, & of the (brothers & sisters lying on
one hot mattress) & he of cows & horses; the
waters of the channel beck; & how all the world is
breathing; healthfully teeming; & the do walk in

afternoon, down to the river; watch the swans swim:
hear the frog leap; & note how some
whole morning clouds are sunk tinged, &
finer, thinner, ~~ruffled~~ ~~Eyes~~ fleece thin at the
edges, as they come, leaving their warm in
the vale, over the green hill. Here are the
Cows feeding sleek, lunching one just before another
as they march: & I stoop for the ~~the~~
mushroom. For the riched, for some
& lay them, wrapp in my basket; &
at the ~~mushroom~~ & so home,
to the Evening.

Life & Letters of Edmund Gosse.
by the Hon Evan Charteris

Heinemann 25/-

The other day two writers were overheard discussing the death of Arnold Bennett & deploring his kindly habit which obviously ~~am~~ decreed that we shall plaster the dead with virtues which ~~did not belong~~ to them make them unrecognisable. "He was noted for his generosity to young writers" — whether he was Arnold Bennett or Edmund Gosse, that well platitude has to be repeated. Now none of the elder generation was ever kind to me, said one of these authors; & the other added, ~~that~~ not only was this true in her case, but that whenever one ~~she~~ works appeared, Bennett shared a paragraph to say how much he disliked it. "At the same time" she said, "It was for that very reason that one respected him. Had he not gone out of his way to tell me that he disliked my books, he did not have humbly, & tenderly, & softly did not object to meeting her, or suppose that the wound Easy did he make it to tell the truth. I said that you can't dislike my books more than I dislike yours" at least to her as satisfaction: ~~&~~ that she loved the adored say that in his own way Bennett had been generous to her: he had a famous writer to an obscure writer. It showed real magnanimity on his part

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when a famous writer dies; this remark there is the remarkable
how he is always credited, with generosity to young authors.
No two people can have the same notion of kindness to the
young. Every newspaper article upon Arnold Bennett
said that of him. And here is the same tribute paid to
Sir Edmund Gosse another famous writer, who differed in
every possible respect from Bennett — he was noted for
his generosity to the young. Bennett's kindness was
of Bennett it was certainly true; he thought though not
always true — that is today, he might have formed a
very low opinion of a book, writer; so he might, as his
method was, express that opinion bluntly & emphatically;
but after met the writer has emerged to the woman who
should have felt touched, some how, by dint of her own
honesty & while he deplored the lack of care, of
lack of thoroughness, the lack of technical skill, the lack
of all true equipment on the part of that
unfortunate, it was to perceive a rogue, to perceive
to imply such a view of the most unfortunate writer
to touch a confidence a tone of literature, that the
decks were clean beneath them, a nothing was further than to
you say, you cannot possibly hate my books as much
as I hate yours; after which probably he to such
much 'un I hate yours; hates in print. a degree
graph discussion of Sir George Moore was horrible; the
the obscure writer was left with the feeling that
Arnold Bennett was indeed the most magnanimous of
men.

But what would have happened had one said to Sir Edmund
Gosse "You cannot hate my book; Sir Edmund as
much as I hate yours"? × Nobody who had ever
seen Sir Edmund when Gosse roared have dreamt of
launching such a remark. His laughter all over
with ceremony & sensibility. his
headed seemed He was a terrifying affectation.
His generosity to the young, must have taken a very

for a very obscure writer to assert his fearlessness,

Hard,

that shows not but unfortunate

heartiness Rash and have been the speaking & the laughter of Sir.

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form from Mrs Bennetts. "Magnanimous" is not the
adjective that anybody is going to apply to Sir Edmund
after reading ~~Mrs Ch~~ the life given by Mr Charteris.
~~He was on the contrary the~~ He could on the contrary
hoard a grievance for years. He could see offences where none
were meant. He could break off a friendship because a
hen snuffed a gas jet at the same table, or
slight at a party became a felony just as some party
had forgotten to warn him that Decembers were to
worm. A hostile glance in a crowd threw him into a
paroxysm of rage. An article by Charles Collins
seems to have given him more pain than any event
that happened in all his Eighty years: But
public opinion prevailed that
all this was ~~terribly heroic~~ during must have served
~~to destroy all serenity in his presence;~~ ~~a far from~~
to make him the most difficult of companions. ~~To~~
~~To say what one thought would have~~ Thought must have
been carefully planned ~~a~~ behind before it left one's
lips. And such young, as Sir Edmund encouraged
must have had a stealth tact, discretion that no young
lady knows; or they must have been dreadful, like
Rat or they must have been well born. For
Edmund ~~some was~~ ~~to~~ the great merit of
the present biography is that ~~if we are going~~
~~to give us~~ makes no concealment of the fact
that Sir Edmund was a highly mixed character:
~~He was not a typical hero of romance.~~ Plain virtues were
~~The blemishes are laid before us.~~
not a sure passport to his affection. He could
discern Jesuits a mile off unerringly. The age of
~~On the other hand~~ the Roman Church honored a
Dictator glamour for him; & how he could
~~were taken to great men, at the height of their fame,~~

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which ~~to make us wonder how he how a~~
Gentleman, whether of ~~his~~ ~~somewhere~~ he had find for some reason
Considerable pleasure for ~~ate~~ him to write Marlborough Club
at the top ~~of~~ his notepaper did streams ~~that~~ a hurtle on the
page.

This is all perfectly true; & very annoying; but it also
happens that there was as Mr Charteris ~~actually~~ actually
points out, a very good reason for it. Almost
"Far more than might be supposed of his conduct in
life was due to his Creator's protest against ....
the things which had darkened his childhood."
Every body who has read Father & Son knows what
those things were — ~~He had been brought up in the~~
~~narrowest, the most bigoted of sects~~ narrowness, the
ugliness, the ~~pessimistic~~ austerity of his childhood: the absence of
culture, of beauty, of charm, of graciousness — in fact of
all those elements in life which Edmund Gosse
~~is~~ to turned to as instinctively as a flower to the sun.
What could be more natural than that the flower,
on a ~~starved~~ shrivelled stem, almost poisonously, should
climb at last ~~has~~ to the charm, the
to drop these metaphors, order clothes in Savile Row, &
take the very first chance to fling himself
from behind the form of Dr. Fog altering what
~~often~~ to be excessive praise of that new little
known poet Paludan-Müller? "Slowly
he murmured "you flatter me too much, but
thank you." The most stubborn ~~fort~~ ~~had~~ the citadels
had capitulated."
nothing The most conspicuous critic must admit
that ~~to~~ There is nothing wrong in loving
Few people can have been shot into the world —
"perfectly formed." in Mr Charteris' ~~words~~ words — by a more
violent

barrel

profession that ~~that~~ genius which Gosse was given by his
life bringing. Naturally, he overshot the mark; a clever, it
is said, quite at his ease among ceremonies; a
Talleyrand; never quite got over his desire to know the
maiden name of ~~the lady~~ some lady at a party, or
a what is said, & what is not said, & how to ignore this, &
laugh at that which those who have always had their
clothes in Savile Row know by instinct. And
much. Who can deny that the desire in itself was
generous, creditable, sprang from the vivacity the sensibility
the unswerving eagerness about life, which made him
so stimulating & ~~of~~ value to his friends, & cast of
lent his writing, for all its inaccuracies, that
warmth & colour & ~~of~~ particular ~~pictures~~ greenness which
for most readers completely outshone ~~such faults as~~ the inaccuracies
Charles Collins disturbed? so severely condemned.
Edmund Gosse was an artist; & artists are so
rare; & ~~it is~~ how apt apart an artist's equipment is
an enlarged & ~~of~~ swollen sensibility. ~~He had to be~~
~~There is nothing finer~~
There is much more that is admirable & lovable in
his hero worship, his readers, his friends, his diary and
& all the other signs of his expansive & unmeaning
humanity than is ridiculous. ~~Nobody~~
~~Celebrities~~ ~~Celebrities~~ ~~Celebrities~~ "to be fed to
saturated with the love as things" — to enjoy life to the
full, to "suck it as a wasp drains a peach", to
"rob the moments on one's tongue, & keep the flavour
of them", to "live 'at one's finger tips', to
through one's friends, to fill every moment with
amusement & pleasure & not necessarily with-
work — how right, how natural, how humane
& philosophy his was; how brilliantly he

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he practised it. ~~And yet~~ — Surely, as he says of ~~Jowett~~ Andrew Lang "He honoured the truth & answered to the heavenly calling & yet ..."

And yet? he
We dont mean he seem: this his Cautions:
Watches dark caution.

And yet, we ~~can~~ echo, ~~why is it that~~ & yet —

Reader of former works

Were two minds ~~were~~ ~~a common one~~ in ~~one~~ that Sir Edmund
The Epicurean ~~was a common one~~ in ~~one~~ to this in some
used often with scheme which; to ~~to them~~
Be more [illegible] publication. ~~And yet, we~~
echoe, ~~with if only Sir Edmund, might had~~ ~~In the days~~
We ~~cannot~~ stop, as we follow with amusement &
sympathy the ebullience of ~~their~~ his attack upon life, we
find ourselves And yet, we cannot help lamenting him
~~if only Sir Edmund had been~~ He possessed the truth:
answered to the heavenly calling & yet ..." how very
much better ~~we should have liked him~~, he would have
~~had to~~ ~~if only he had spoke~~ his Cayenne had not
always been checked by caution. But the
precariously which shes Charlesi notes in his fair
which was 'curiously suggestive of Cayenne &
Caution" it seems through his mind: ~~It makes it~~
as it seems to have permeated his life. He dared never
He withdrew; he hesited: he shrivelled: he kept to the
safe within the charmed boundaries of respectability &
common sense. He deferred writing his masterpiece
until he was financially secure. He ~~was~~
Cultivated never Achieve: a brilliant as his mind is
it never twinkles rather than ~~shines~~. It ~~shines~~ rather
than strides: His mind twinkles rather than
shines: it ~~shines~~ rather than strides. He always seems to be
aware of a mark on the page beyond which this
~~not~~ too decorum to proceed. And though

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the event may have paralysed him – the books. to sample what he picked up. here & there for a few pence eventually sold for £26,000, he might at times possibly, given the motive, get that if only he had been bored enough to & had, to push his curiosity further, to make wrote instead of entertaining & Complete Confessions instead of these long lasting Social Discomforts, tribulations, he might have rivalled the great Boswell himself. The two men had much in common. when we read how Gosse insinuated himself under cover of Mr Fog into the presence of Victor Hugo, how, Dickens himself, he won the day with adroitness & Hugo not very fondness, we are reminded of Boswell in pursuit of Paoli & Voltaire & Dr Johnson. Both men were irresistibly attracted by genius. Both had extraordinary 'medium like' powers for drawing them out the Great. Both were astonishingly adept at reporting what was said, & reporting the words describing the appearance of their friend. But where Boswell lifts us at that profound & moving masterpiece the Life of Johnson, Gosse left us only Father & Son, which has caught the elder book to dem. There is no doubt a greater Classic of the twentieth Century; but the latter, how light, how lacking in volume & stature & depth compared with the other: Can this always remain to interfere. Boswell was dead no fear of making himself ridiculous. Even when a mere regard for a Boswell seems always heading whereas his Leviathan drew him; ridiculous, abject, obscure, the Where ever Johnson led, he followed. The prodigy spent a unfortune of the great subject blessed him to his own honour his own overcame his own vanity, his own impotence, his own ridiculous, his vanity, his sense of what people would say. Hon. And his affectations was [illegible] made that nothing to his interest But

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Sir Edmund Gosse he was a shrewd judge of character. — a
Keen sense of humour, always
Cautam: He never lost a sense of proportion. His portraits
of people are always of the surface; he does not have
sub-consciously
Cat. into Pot if he found it hot, or the light was somehow
unnatural, but he comes again: That Power
And the result is that though few people understand him
to-day the world of a fact, we never know
him intimately; we never plunge into their hearts.
for their hidden, their deep. their darkness mind.
But we know they are for as the rabbit flavour of mind
two apple even to be caught can — a mind of specific
fact, subtleness, agility: a mind that could hit
Gosse's hands can snatch with lightning light
of a fish without anybody knowing —

But if Gosse's portraits, his manufacture, suffer
from his Caution, his regard for Convention, his innate
respectability, that his profound sense of the
much is to be attributed to the influence of the age
he lived in. of the fact — his with his age. If in the
nineteenth century literature had become a respectable
profession a highly respectable one Gosse, unlike
respectable; as it had its organisation: it had its
Dickens, its drama, its functions, its prizes, its
emoluments, its degrees; who were not a part of people
attached to its service also were not. Gosse
It was inevitable that Gosse should be one of the most
popular & effective: "... no public dinner
where literature was involved was complete without
Gosse to preside or to return thanks for the Guest."
A public had grown up Lecturing had become
had become a Career; & there were
Lectures two, were part of the ritual; or
& here again Gosse was obviously The A
The speeches were given up and then again,

never went too far.

reveal of human passion.

us all the suffer that people have lying about in the twentieth age & both are a result of nothing had happened

It was

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[illegible]

interest in literature had been roused in Cecil's brother
fashionable circle, & those to whom thereof these accent, it
uninstructed pupils read for instruction but to utter jeers.
Mr. Chandler Collins desired to be lectured. Hence, by an
odd irony, while Charles Collins was instructing
St James's Square, Edmund Gosse was lecturing in
Bourlon Street. a proper wife. Gosse's attachés for social life, Mr.
Charlton says, was whetted & he "became a much
more frequent guest in Mayfair". The experience was
241 fearful and yet, though shrewd he forbore to sneer at
one for taking the society of Lord Balfour & Lord Rosebery,
Lady Desborough, & the rest, but treated the tendency
as one may regret the sophistry of those who believe success
ever reputable; when the Mrs Cecil Chambers with the
natural & literature. Mrs Lady Constance Leverson, very gaily,
gravely & wisely argued, to my drawing-room
with a as Walt amid in drawing room' to come & meet
sneer, Lords & Ladies in London, to whom he sang, ('The D. of Medford
is engaged him Lady Cunard did not come visit
were a second-rate article, & The presence of Mrs. Asquith
gave everybody security— "She's so clever") —
did encouraged Edmund Gosse to be cautious.
& must have made it extremely difficult in his
natural decorum. He proposed The letter he wrote
to Robert Ross, Wilde's friend, after the trial is a sufficient proof.
that .. in future, calmer times "write to Edmund,
"we shall both regard it as a favour if you say nothing
Can, if ever you want supper. — I am
Charming company, in which I have always delighted...
I wd. say to you — be calm, be reasonable, turn for
Consolation to the infinite resources of literature...
write to me when you feel inclined, & however busy
am I will write in reply, & in a more happy
season you must come back, to be truly
welcomed in this home."

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~~After thought, that a little foolish to look for reasons why he~~ act a
And then comes a little Latin, he
Mayfair had it pages in that. And Mayfair two must have
been Mayfair would have been touched. Mayfair, too,
would must have been merely have been
How wise, how reasonable! The voice of Boston Street,
never spoke more sweetly reasonably. And merely to
hear it reading a multiply is agreeably the weakest heartlessly
& by actingthen treacherously afraid & when taken, Sir
Edmund comes to his Maids to see his orphine ward-
Nor to Mr Fowler — I also like to know what for
Much of the new craze for introducing into fiction the
high-bred maiden who has a baby? ... I do not know
how an Englishmen can wait calmly & such a
disgusting thing. ". " I cannot help hoping that you
maybe induced to say something which will redeem her in
Sir Edmund really believed that such a thing had never
occurred in any French novel. Her must have been
Member of the House of Lords.

over
Hayward
End.

3 24

And later his delirium seems to have drawn a film even over his [illegible] perspicacity as a critic: He was terribly shocked by the [illegible] Howard's End.

And yet when one has said that he was not Boswell, & not St Francis it remains to say that he was ~~evidently somebody~~ without doubt a ~~figure, a character, a somebody of~~ a character in his own right—an ~~indep~~ original, ~~&~~ an a definite, a indispensable human being. His books—~~these~~ preserve something of this quality. He I ~~except~~ must ~~the source of~~ a man at capable of casting a shadow, of creating a legend, a figure ~~that stood for something~~ ~~His books~~

In the first place, there are his books. For over fifty years he was busily concerned in the ~~he recorded his emotions~~ literary craft: the literary character & the literary craft: ~~& the~~ public with ~~The number of articles that must have~~ formed ~~at the~~ vast. ~~And~~ tip glow pen must have been ~~an~~ vast. ~~And~~ a ~~fact that literature does give me pleasure~~ "he wrote", & upon almost ~~every~~ any great figure & many of the more & lesser figures of literature Gosse has said his say. And he ~~said~~ it. In ~~whole~~ article after article & volume after volume he flashed his light upon ~~the beauty~~, the oddity, the interest of literature, ~~rather to~~ so that there is scarcely a book ~~that you if we wish to~~ upon which we cannot have ~~can read without~~ a word. One is tempted [illegible] Gosse's opinion of we wish it. But which of them is perhaps to read the Disraeli's novels. ~~Gosse will have with~~ the best to begin with? Gosse ~~He~~ advises Lemengthy. ~~And~~ ~~Let us consult Gosse~~ He also drops the suggestion He says that C. . ~~And~~ Remarks that D. ~~for a moment's intimate~~ ~~so,~~ ~~intending~~ ~~merely to dip~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~whole~~ ~~article;~~ & cannot help stopping ~~ever thinks~~ ~~the~~ He ~~also~~ ~~tries to collect that~~ ~~to admire the~~ And ~~books~~ ~~again~~ ~~we~~ ~~have~~ ~~clever~~ Calls in brings

Such a figure of big laughed at, loved, mimed,

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Ito then defines Disraeli's quality by comparing him with Bulwer, Mrs Gore, & Plumer Read, relates an anecdote how he
by he found the Duke of Rutland, ~~& to please us with~~
delivered a phrase here & there for our ~~de~~ amusement or
admiration, & by the time he has done, has not ~~his~~ told
learn Disraeli to flowing learn Disraeli by the time he has
done. Flowing & mantling. like an old picture lit by a
dozen bright candles. ~~That indeed~~ To illumine, to
make noble & desirable, was his aim as a critic;
literature were to him an incomparable mistress & above
his function "To deck her charms, & make her
more beloved" ~~That the Lover~~ & proceed to
go further; ~~should that he should~~ have write that
~~& proceed to that~~ a kept a child: - ~~that the~~
~~critic too,~~ sometimes Critic too sometimes love
literature creatively; ~~& their love~~ the fruit of their
love is ~~of a different quality from~~ of a different
Calibre from ~~anything of the~~ the with a & the
fruit of their passion is very different from the
smooth & ~~lovely~~ Strain of ~~La Edmund~~ the merely Platonic
Platonic passion. Like all critics who
have long ceased to create themselves, his criticism is
too smooth, ~~too placid too~~ even & the pen too
smoothly, too currently. ~~It's has~~ It never
It ~~seem to forget the~~ ignores the anguish. The & the
blood It's It never rupture; he never gives us
It's ignores the agony & difficulty of creation. It's
It's ~~never~~ has never been a child himself ~~some danger in~~ ~~pain.~~
Therefore ignorant of the agony & effort of creation:
& ~~something~~ of his Criticism Therefore ignores
~~makes smooth & elegant it's~~ it never
ignores all those has very little that to say of the
actual process of creation. It's a craftsman Critism,
not a creation. But then, no creator
has proven Gosse's impartiality, his serenity, his
tenderness, his width of reading, his free play of
mind; was can so that it's always a

Left Swinton & Swinton from the

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there is no better Guide if you want to light up a dark face than Gosse. And Edmund Gosse.

And As for his own face, — his own ichthyosaurus, it is clear that only those who actually met him, as at one of his Sunday suppers in Hanover Terrace, or at the Grand in a Club, where he had a Special Corner, — they alone can bring all these odds & ends into one Complete Synthesis. Of his vivid, irascible, nervous, much willed, restless absurd, amusing, worldly, & witty Kindly, Undignified, man into one Complete Synthesis. Obviously the "I was not born for Solitude" he wrote. "We are all very gay, & giggle though the Live-long hours" "You Speak of the peace which the grave brings"; but they bring no peace to me. I want to Lapse on. All things heaven is the heart's desire, & I ~~I want to talk I want to eat I want to gossip I want to read~~ ~~& even those very intensely book, are feels burdened that~~ Obviously, The only here, obviously, is the Even now.

It seems a cruel fate that makes those men who only come into being in company, who only exist fully when they talk, fade silent. There should be some way of listening in to Edmund Gosse — some method of prolonging his talk at the table. Maudsley. & abstemiously irresistible conversation

Singing like a Fire from Kelba, or 'letting fall a Crystal of wit. There should be some way of preserving the wit, & not only the wit but the giggle. For "this giggle & make giggle from morning to night" But no: the most unfortunately cannot Could not grant Edmund Gosse more had most reluctantly to leave the ward when he was close on the age of 80.

Socrates

as not Wisdom's after four.

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21st July 1931

The Life Character & Opinions of Flush the Spaniel.

Sketch.

The history of the Spaniel family.

Mrs Mitford.

~~The~~

Life in Wimpole Street. Mr B. & B.
Character. Temper: Mr Kenyon.
The Rake. Horne. Carlyle.
Other dogs.

Pisa.

Florence Love.

Conclusion.

Human beings & dogs.

What a dog thinks of her human being.

Fs view of petticoats.

Psychology.

The influence the Eye.

Dogs then were different.

Blackmailers.

Whitechapel.

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The Life, Character & Opinions of

Flush. The Spaniel.

The Spaniel Flush

He who would attempt to write the life of this dog is confronted at the outset by a problem which, strange, admits of two human solutions. Historians themselves are

by manifest difficulties apply. not his last is that

her baffled & pained & indeed divided two into two camps

the energies & abilities of the greatest Scholars & bred

divided their ranks. When, division in their ranks. For when we ask & the greatest scholars & the

If we ask whence the derivation of the name, — &

the reply for to asking we be immediately apparent —

we are told by one School of Thinkers that it

derives from the Latin Hispanitta, the name given to

by the Romans to the peninsula of Spain. But

this however is flatly contradicted by the other

School of Thought, which holds to it that the word

Spaniel derives from the Every

whole of inheritance it appears that the name Spaniel

has some connection with Spain; but, while many

derive the word from the term Hispanica given by

the Romans to the Spanish peninsula; while there are two

there is a school that believes — though some that Schools

the Evidence scanty — that Hispanica was so which

called from the profusion of rabbits, that lived

there, were called by the Carthaginean "Span",

& others on the contrary held that the word

derives from the Basque "Espana" an edge or

boundary. Why a dog should be called

And while there is every temptation to accept the

easy inference that the dog was called after the rabbit,

one has to admit another school of thought who

derives the word. — & we accept that

by manifest difficulties apply. not his last is that

divided the opinions

the origin of the name-

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whence, we ask, came the Spaniel, & what is the origin of the name.

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He who would attempt to write the life of the Spaniel
Flesh is met at the outset by problems which have
tayed the ingenuity & divided the ranks of some of
the ablest Scholars of our time. For of we ask the
simple & inevitable question, whence comes the name, we
are met by a variety of answers which serve rather to
perplex than to inform, & often up tracks of mystery
never get satisfactorily ~~ahead~~ behind. ~~There is no~~
~~doubt, & of course~~ Like streams are agreed
that the word Spaniel is ~~called~~ so called because he came
originally from Spain. ~~But~~ Hispanica - the Roman
~~Spain, & is generally~~
~~he was so called by because~~ was so called
But by two schools of thought at one spring into existence, here
however, ~~think~~ On the one hand, we have the
the school, ~~to~~ if we may so summarise, of the Rabbet -
the school of the Edge. The first, whom for
obvious reasons we would willingly follow, ~~if~~ adhere
to the belief that the word Hispanica derives from the
Carthaginian Span - a rabbit & Spain they say
was one overrun with rabbits, so the other
contradict this theory, & derive the word Hispanica
from the Basque 'España' an Edge a boundary
~~If we follow the first~~, we can see easy to perceive
that how a people overrun with rabbits would
provide themselves with dogs. & that these dogs would
be called rabbit dogs, or Span dogs,
The other ~~supposition~~ & for at first we can credit
supposition that a people calls it country after its favourite
still difficult to see why a dog should be so named,
unless a the principle which led a lover allude to -
large ladys as times, or to a very much shed as much

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But ~~ever~~ how the origin of the word
~~whether the dog was called~~ why the country was called
by this name, is ~~too a~~ problem ~~the~~ - for countries are
~~just~~ a ledger & boundaries - how ~~did~~ the dog, famously
known for ~~its~~ ferocity & silkiness ~~should be called~~
is less a problem than is ~~perhaps~~ perhaps instructive: but
a dog, notorious for its ferocity, should be called after
the dog, in this case, was called after the country,
presumably. ~~Those who accept this theory must be~~
~~prepared~~ In ~~this case, therefore, they are those who~~
~~accept this version assume that the dog~~ : to accept this
version is to ~~state~~ claim a proud case for the dog; for
since, it implies that the dog was so notorious
~~for its ferocity held in so much~~ honour, & was of such
a ~~such~~ reputation that it was called simply The
Spanish dog - a thing unutterably unthinkable,
considering the notorious rotundity & fleshiness of the
animal that the name should have been given to
with reference to any braggarts, or Edgeries in the Spanish
person. Yet there is a third school which holds
that just as a man alludes to his beloved with monkey, so the
lover disparages his beloved with monkey, so the
Spaniards as they rolled there watched there stout &
great little animals hoping in the shrubbery &
plunging among the reeds applied to them the called
them by the very name that was dear & precious & their
beloved.

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Part

However this may be, whether the word Spaniel derives from rabbit or boundary & we are now led into further Dubiousness, for though if for scholars differ as to the derivation of the word Spaniel, all are agreed that the dog strictly came from was called after the Country, from which there is no doubt that the dog originally came from Spain. But this very agreement is the source unfortunately, of further Perplexity. For how, the candid must enquire, can a dog have been called Spaniel, because it came from Hispania when it is proved that - & of this the Book of Howel Dda leaves us no doubt - that the dog was well known & valued at a time when the

I was called after the name they gave

at a time

it called Spaniel, & enjoyed repute under that name known as at a date time when the Country strictly was called Iberia[2]. That such was the case, & yet that such was the case a cursory examination of the book of Laws Howel Dda seems puts beyond a doubt. Howel Dda, the Welsh man, died in the year 948, & was a Welshman laid it down in his book of Laws that "The Spaniel ga King is a pound in value. "The Spaniel a ga Welsh proving that the dog was Its then proves that the Spaniel dog was known in Wales at that time & known too by the name of the Spaniel at a date when, as again all students are agreed, Ireland had Spain had Wales had no communication whatever with Spain. We are then led to suppose that the This how We are then led to suppose that the This difficulty can be resolved, & with Early enough, by recalling the fact that both Wales was conquered by the Irish; & that the Irish who conquered Wales were also Celts & a race came from Spain; & that the Irish who came from Spain were likely to be a martial & adventurous race,

Part at least

The clan Either or Ivor

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provided with dogs: & that they brought their dogs with them when they conquered Wales: & that they left their dogs after behind them when they left Wales, & that these dogs bred & multiplied as dogs do. All this is easy & probable enough: but Candour must allow that there is a wide that it has a wide gulf to compass, & a great reach to overcome, in order to supply any of it ~~thread~~ in order to explain how the Clan & the people of the Clan Ebher or Ivor would have known Spain as Iberia, & would therefore have called their dogs Iberians, & not as

who came to Wales 300 years before the Great Hoel Dda,

left yet called their dogs Spanish, by a name which, when they came into Wales, was not yet in existence.

That modern research will solve these difficulties, if it has not already done so, is much to be hoped. But that ~~the great~~ if we have to admit that the there is doubt as to the origin of the Spaniel family we are only saying what the biographer may fairly men ment admit also. Of this however there can be no doubt — The ~~Spanish~~ race of Spaniels established they early in England: it achieved value & repute before many a long famous families had risen from servile - despised labour: & by the time of Elizabeth had built up by inter-marriage into several highly distinguished families with

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Thus this brief survey, though tedious & melancholic, has at least proved that the family to which ~~our~~ the subject of this memoir ~~proudly~~ belongs is of the highest antiquity. ~~&~~ Long before Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, had ascended the throne of England, the ~~Spaniel~~ race of Spaniels was in existence — the Long before the great families of England had emerged from obscurity, the Spaniel had separated itself from the common stock of ferrets, sheep dogs, & terriers &c. & was known as a breed apart

The families of the Jones & the Browns & Robertsons,

And, as we pursue the course of history leading from the fabulous ages of myth & antiquity to the more authentic records of the Elizabethan, Carolean, ~~&~~ Hanoverian & Victorian times, so we find the Spaniel, emerging too, & becoming as like the Russells, Cavendishes & Howards not English nobility into separate families Each boasting a few separate pedigree & claiming separate characteristics. By the end From one common stock by the time the Eighteenth Century had is reached, we find that at least seven branches of the Spaniel have sprung from the parent stock. & If we omit the fifth Lady: Di's At the lowest we by the Time end of the Georgian we have only to run over the leaders the eighteenth Century is reached. : The Clumber, the Sussex, the Norfolk, the Black Field, the Cocker, the Irish Water & the English water Spaniel; ~~&c &c~~ they And, ~~about is more remarkable~~, not only were the separate families firmly established, but ~~by a most drastic~~ System of selection, far more drastic than any that the aristocratic & regal families could maintain in their own families, insured that the different breeds kept their purity, ~~their Colour;~~ ~~their~~ ~~sub-fifty untainted without a single~~ intact. ~~Hence by the by the~~ in the nineteenth Century a

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When therefore in the nineteenth century a Kennel
Club was formed, its ~~officers could point out~~ not only to
it was not possible, with ~~a~~ certainty to which the Heralds
Office could hardly ~~be~~ expected to lay claim, to lay trace the pedigrees of
the different breeds of families; ~~& whether more to lay down~~
standards for the various families the Kennel Club
which is ~~a~~ further to establish a set of rules
to which the members of each ~~of the different~~ breeds had to
conform, ~~or face a tribunal~~ to each family present when ~~& determine~~ ~~these~~
any meeting ~~the~~ ~~other matters~~: Then the
we find that the Cocker family, to which the dog
Field belonged, ~~breed~~, who ~~should~~ ~~had~~ by birth such a
top knot, & with a light nose was ~~not~~ ~~the~~ Cocker was
light eyes was not ~~looked~~ fatal ~~but~~ undesirable.
Curled ears again were very undesirable; & as ~~which~~ to
be born with a top knot, or with a light nose is
so heinous a crime that it can only be called merited
fatal. Dogs who ~~exhibited~~ these faults were not
allowed to perpetuate them; & any dog who
~~exhibited~~ these faults ~~were~~ ~~cut out from the~~
hierarchy ~~their rank~~. ~~He~~ was not allowed to
perpetuate them: ~~He forfeited the name of Cocker,~~ &
the Marriage with such a one was considered a
fatal ~~blot~~ to ~~the~~ Publication: his ~~whole~~ rank; his
services were ~~repudiated~~, & ~~the~~ ~~the~~ wretch
denied ~~any~~ share in the ~~red~~ blood ~~&~~ ~~the~~
Drastic as these measures are, ~~they~~ to them that we
owe the purity, distinction ~~&~~ the Manual trade, &
the undeviating accuracy with which, generation after
generation, Each branch the family preserves its
Ancient type, ~~whatever~~ that type may be.
Exhibits either the Majestic volumes ~~of~~ the Clumber
with his long barrel-shaped chest; or his truncated
strength, his deep eyes sometimes showing the haw,
Nothing is more impressive than the unswerving ~~manner~~
in which generation after generation ~~repeat the same~~

which ~~I got~~ Doran answered that the high standard ~~this~~ must be found

or if ~~a~~ if the purified, ~~in~~ Whipping was denied the breeder ~~the race~~,

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whether the Nose the Chamber, or Nose the Cocker.
The long haprey ' thrusting the Chamber: or the with his last leg
Light jet Molecular grasp the Cocker, to touch his Agile ri
Let, seven: And even within the as in the Case of all long
Established aristocracies the different faculties are by
the time of extreme rarity, a Fa in the course of time
the Leuba family has developed Mecanic characteristics: all
the subtlest. doubtless some the Oratoric qualities
aristocracies have been developed; & Glamour be denied
that some branches — we need mention only the Chamber-
have arrogated to themselves or assumed by nature
merits — an ascendency which is tacitly accepted
by the others, Even though they may be puzzled to
see to day in what the claim consists.

NYPL

£

About the ~~beginning~~ end of the Eighteenth Century
~~a family of~~ a family of the famous Cockney Rhaniel
breed was living near Reading in the house of a certain
Dr. Mitford or Medford, who claimed descent from the
border family of the Mitfords of Bertram Castle; &
who ~~had married~~ a Miss Russell whose Grandfather was
~~decidedly~~ Scotsmanly from the ducal House of Bedford. ~~But~~ ~~Supposed~~ ~~the~~
~~we have not been able to ascertain the system which~~
Thus, though the actual circumstances ~~in which~~ ~~over~~ ~~hers~~ ~~birth~~
was born, ~~& his baptism took~~ ~~at~~ ~~birth~~ are ~~wrapt~~ ~~in an~~
~~obscurity~~ which we have ~~been~~ unable to penetrate, we
can safely assume that ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~well~~ ~~born~~ of
not his family for ~~several~~ ~~the~~ ~~doctor~~ ~~himself~~ ~~claimed~~
But the principles upon which ~~the~~ ~~Thompson~~ ~~business~~ is carried on
are notoriously unsatisfactory. ~~Even~~ ~~if~~ ~~we~~
~~have~~ ~~decided~~ ~~far~~ ~~from~~ ~~being~~ ~~convinced~~ ~~that~~ ~~not~~ ~~only~~ ~~are~~ ~~we~~ ~~in~~
~~some~~ ~~doubt~~ ~~as~~ ~~to~~ the ~~fraternity~~ of, ~~in~~ ~~fact~~ ~~the~~ ~~fact~~
although Dr. Mitford ~~claimed~~ ~~that~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ [redacted] ~~had~~
for ~~might~~ claim ~~that~~ the advantages ~~are~~ ~~favourably~~ ~~long~~
descent, ~~his~~ ~~ancestors~~ ~~would~~ ~~were~~ ~~such~~ ~~that~~ ~~any~~
~~parents~~ ~~of~~ ~~Judge~~ the mating, matches & un-ancestor
had been carried on in such a haphazard
hand to mouth fashion that no Judge
could possibly have admitted his Claim. To perpetuate his
breed ~~Kind~~. ~~If~~ ~~a~~ ~~bigot~~ ~~man~~, a Topknot, a
he showed almost every defect that ~~a human~~
can ~~disqualify~~ a human ~~being~~ from ranking as a
~~Thecomber~~ ~~of~~ ~~this~~ ~~kind~~; ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~human~~ ~~animal~~
Can display. ~~He~~ ~~was~~ Against most of his
~~fraternity~~, a ~~judicious~~ Jury could ~~safely~~
~~He~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~a~~ ~~wholly~~ selfish; ~~instinctive~~;
~~reckless~~ extravagant; ~~&~~ worldly; insincere; &

what it
wd. seem
any clear
knowledge
of the
points at
wh. he
aim.

these words are
depicts the same
gravity as white ones,
light ages & lapis lazuli
among Cochin Chinese.
Wh. the Spanish Club
calls 'fatal' is Manet.

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Enfin
for all this Dali is human
he has not invented
what Jacobins are afraid -

adduced to help him:— against all ~~others~~ He wished his wife's fortune: & then his daughters; he ~~did after this~~ deserted them in his worthlessness & thought only of them in his infirmity:— One ~~Love~~ has ~~by both, shattering his constitution destroyed the natural beauty~~ symmetry ~~of his person~~ Even if the Judges ~~were~~ true that the Judges might have been ready to ~~allege these~~ his faults because the beauty of his person ~~was~~ destroyed ~~before~~ by his habits of intemperance — Gluttony & ~~Indeed this difficult to assert this~~ One point ~~Conclusion that he~~ there ~~remains indeed~~ only one where he had point of indeed could have been adduced in his favour — a considerable one ~~if~~ true — a ~~like~~ long & passionate ~~to the expression~~ for dogs. ~~Whether this is true then is~~ ~~Justification~~ to ~~Lyttelton~~ Dr Ati admit ~~the~~ ~~Mitford~~ to the ~~rights~~ And which might have counted ~~more~~ in his but how far this virtue outweighs the other defects we do not know. need scarcely argue, for the Judges of the Spanish Club have no counterpart in human society. & it thus came about that Dr Mitford was allowed to ~~live~~ marry, to live for eighty over eighty years, & to ~~beget a child~~ to have charge of several generations of greyhounds. ~~Leather~~ Hounds & to beget a child.

Nor to the devotion & unselfishness of this child, Mary Russell Mitford, ~~that we probably owe the~~ ~~life of our hero~~. probably owed his life. Her pecuniary Although most of her time was ~~then~~ in earning money, ~~to pay~~ & in sending her father an ~~her~~ intermittent flow when here; She still contrived to ~~find~~ ~~to keep~~ see ~~that her greyhounds~~ to the ~~welfare of her greyhounds & Hounds~~, & to keep in ~~train~~, with due attention, the noble ~~race~~ of greyhound & Hounds which had ~~undoubtedly~~

6

he found, as his expenses soared ~~from~~ apart ~~to~~ ~~in~~ devoted ~~to~~ Bacchus.

for at

we hardly know what we mean at a head but also how it an-

contribute to Mr. Mitford's most solid claim to the Epithet of his race. The ~~The first~~ first mentioned in the year 1787? when Mr. ~~seems the Spaniel's were first came to~~ Mr. Mitford's house, at Reading, to the ~~year~~ of his death in 18— ~~Mrs Mitford was when we that a Spaniel;~~ ~~the Spaniel bred with the Mitfords~~, are generation of Spaniels succeeded another in the Mitford house; & although it is fairly clear, from some verses ~~written by Mrs~~ Mitford "To Tray— Stolen" that by the year 1816 the Countess had a Cocker Spaniel, ~~was the direct ancestor~~ of Flush, was in her ~~direct~~ line from a direct reference to the Tray who was presumably the direct and only race then existing established. ~~ancestor of Flush.~~ when we read Mrs Mitford's verses to Tray— Stolen, ~~but~~ it is ~~can~~ hardly admitted ~~go~~ doubt that this Dog was a Cocker Spaniel; that it ~~was of the~~ ~~hare~~ Poetry we venture to think is not the most satisfactory medium in which to define the points of a Spaniel, but allowance for this made ~~may~~, it will be made plain that Tray was a pure bred Cocker Spaniel. His nose was polled, his feet feathered, his ears set beneath his chin; his coat was wiry, but long, & the colour ~~of~~ his ~~coat~~ was ~~richest red, with some admixture of the fawn~~ ~~hare~~ white. Nine tenths have a certain

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Dec 25th 1847

My Husb.

Letters. 2.

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Letter 1. July 3rd 1848.

222.

And Old English Cooking

Thanks

all inquiries have failed to elicit the exact date of
Flush's birth. of Flush. But, since he was
~~for certain~~ but there seems every probable reason
to believe that he was born some time in the year 1844
& that his father was also ~~so called Flush, & was~~
a dog of some celebrity, ~~& a~~ "real old English Cocking
Spaniel" for whom Dr Mitford refused twenty guineas
"on account of his excellence in the field". ~~However this~~
may be, there can be no doubt Flush himself
was a red Cocker, ~~with the fluttering ears, long~~
~~ears of his kind~~, & that ~~his mother~~ his descent was
pure on both sides ~~& that he exhibited~~
~~all the marks of~~ thereof. Exhibiting all the marks of
pure breeding that go to make a Spaniel a~~s~~ it
of value is proved by the ~~course~~ of his history.
His first year ~~was spent~~ this life passed at Three Mile Cross
near Reading in the cottage where Mary Russell
Mitford lived after the death of her parents.
And it would seem almost certain that the
took Flush to London in the spring of 1845
& gave him to a friend of hers. Miss Elizabeth
Barrett of Wimpole Street; for there is a
record that she was up in London "partly to
see Dearest Miss Barrett", & unfortunately
~~when he was~~ as to what happens the very
worst thing is of most importance to us, & while
the Times in the fullest information about
Celebrated people, like Lewis Carroll & Tennyson
talk of Mr. Gore, & his forty thousand acres of
rattlesnakes in North Dakota, about the Honorary

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of Parliament & the Horticultural Fete at Chiswick
& Hood's Song of the Shirt & Dickens's Christmas Carol
& so on, she makes no reference to the fact. That it was
then raging. That even on this occasion that she
must have deposited Flush at number 56 Wimpole
Street. & then she does not say whether even on this
occasion that she left Flush at 56 Wimpole Street,
to begin her own the last chapter of his life in London
Here we The first authentic word of this Epilogue here is
to be found in a letter dated May 2nd 1845, when Miss
Barrett speaks of "I am capable of any Children
'in Earnest' absent novels, straws, & such 'puppy dogs'
tails' as my Flush's!" - from which we may infer
that he then still a puppy, & had he had already
impressed Miss Barrett unfavourably -
that & that the qualities which were afterwards to
which were afterwards so marked & so agreeable.
As it is often Miss Barrett that we must now
depend almost entirely for our knowledge of
Everything the the Character & opinions of our hero
but it is important directly for a knowledge of his
Italian as clearly as we can the nature of the lady
upon whom so much depends.
the character & Circumstances of the lady in so far as
Any thing light upon may help us to understand the dog.
the Lady's character to bring us to a better
understanding of the dog. She was years of
with never be out of place.

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~~& we are driven, even & the biographer is driven from the outset to adopt~~ Indeed, from the outset, the biographer is driven to adopt as the indirect & the oblique method ~~is~~ of narrative — to deduce, ~~that is to say,~~ from ~~the lives & characters~~ what is known of the lives & characters of others what is to the life & character of Flush. Thus, ~~from~~ ~~of~~ ~~we reflect that~~ ~~there can be no doubt that the reluctance of~~ when we learn Mr. Mitford who required that his daughter should support him by work yet should also read aloud to him for Eight hours a day, that he was we feel sure certain that what he required in a dog was were precisely those qualities of unselfishness, silence, independence & good manners which her father lacked. Dogs we must also have observed, do not play cribbage; we want us to read aloud Eight hours a day; we moan when I have to leave them in order to work; we require that I shd. get Eight & twelve hours rambling scrubbing for their benefit. Dogs do not gamble, swear, ~~or go~~ & when ill times come upon us, they will always fetch a few pounds, whereas the a father can adopt the rather dangerous new industries quite unnecessary for him to seek employment when he has a daughter who can write. We then arrive at the conclusion that Flush was Even a a healthy just; unselfish; affectionate & ~~less~~ faithful. & ~~we~~ are ~~conformed in this~~ ~~public~~ & ~~we~~ is ~~conformed as we~~ proved. ~~Miss Mitford~~ & that this must have been her character Even as a healthy is conformed by the following considerations. Miss Mitford, like though driven to ruin her gift by over work, was a lady by talent, taste; a woman by birth a lady, & the earth shabby, though honorably, & so ill paved, as the

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those who are very low often become, as to indulge sometimes in
such freaks of finery, to wear a Cap when out the price
label hanging from the front, or to trim a dress
Dazzling clothes, not for the picture in Blumer -
magenta silk - though she had seen much the Legacy
the character, & the pertinacity of those who are
ill treated by life - though she talked for hours on end
& would make journeys to town for the mere purpose of
endless discussion - though life had changed her from
a high bred & fastidious woman to a hungry & lonely old
woman forced to forage for work, & even learn to bear
the penalties & devices of the poor - though she was
fat & frequent, red & looked an eccentric
& was not always welcome where she went — in
spite of all this, Mrs Mitford had friends; &
~~those friends were among the most among her~~
friends some friends; who loved her And there was
in particular a certain Mrs Barrett of Wimpole Street, who
an invalid lady, whose sick room became to Mrs
Mitford a to whom Mrs Mitford was theically devoted. -
Confined to her sofa, who attend Mrs Mitford during by a week by
letting her come, by listening to her, by helping her, by so readily
her ailments & agreeing there, by listening without any
obtrusive contradiction, to the we may suppose, to the
praises which Mrs Mitford was wont to lavish
upon her 'dear, dear father': until some few finite
words were ready to wish the old Merchant under
the sod. Now But when Mrs Barrett had
had a father (Queen Victoria) who was almost as much of
a match for Mrs Mitford father; & no doubt
while Mrs Mitford praised. Epaulated upon the

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extremely merit of Mr Mitford, which made any little service one could do him an honour. Miss Barrett ~~listened to~~ thought how very much the two fathers, & how the two daughters had in common; & therefore the thoughts of the two ladies were mutually, naturally drawn to Dogs. ~~What's Curtain is that sometime in~~ the ~~year 1843 or the~~ Some time therefore in the early forties, Miss Mitford & Miss Mitford must have had seen them, we can hardly doubt that his first pensioners on the ~~subsequent hero~~ more historic chain; both black, which was to brought Flush from a small & humble cottage in near Reading to ~~Wimpole Street~~ Street; & established him in a home some time ~~in~~ after the year 1842 Miss Mitford brought Flush to London; - the exact date, the exact incident must be left vague - ~~& presented him~~ with Miss Barrett ~~as a present~~. The house - number 50 - is still standing; & ~~it can hardly~~

The night walk:

And people are to be seen bathing under
There's Uncle James & Aunt Celia.
They are playing Bridge. While Gage sings
& the ~~boy~~ waiting flames in the mantelpiece
wave slightly.

This is their favourite way of spending
Saturday night. Well: they've done their
work. ~~The City too~~ Gone in the city. Then.
Well time has been profitable. And we
have dined well. Probably. Says Aunt Celia:
I'm afraid the cards aren't running for tonight.
Oh Lord – says John: Lord: Catching his
hand in the edge the tube. What the time?
And so that was the man she married. Did
she? No, I fancy it was those modern
marriages. She was loved by a host.
And he was faithless: quite faithless.
Here the story of our life.
Let us all make like the stories of our lives
Eighteen years ago I saw a man I loved:
~~And~~ I deny this gloomy view. Life means
something: we are here to work.
To enjoy ourselves.

Truth is the I've never given the-
matter a thought. Too much bother.
I detest those doors. And humanity wearies.
And dreamers. And ~~so~~ nihilists.
I'm a ~~sensualist~~. I'm a Member. I'm merely
one of those who bear children. And after that?

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Well. Thank goodness. Heaven. Who can deny there is a point
of things to do — nothing has been Every generation has to
there are heaps of unanswered letters.
I will tell you the story. It was a mere coincidence
If I had caught the boat I did. have been drowned.
If I had stepped an inch further, over I should have gone.
ah there things give one pause. Old John, who ruled
India — old Malcolm, who died nothing — one of those rich
old maids who played patience offends in
pavement every night of her life. Then the parrot
Died. What strike height is the 18th Century
watch — men of sense. not these — nor the age
Early Letter. Strike Sound sense. Things that
have a meaning. what meaning? No this
Sarcasm is arid. it's all dust — it what
comes of thinking about oneself. Go them into the
kitchen. talk to the cook. Then, reading the
Serial in the Daily Sketch. The beautiful
Lady Jane has been rescued by the young man
During all the rain. Then. a comma out — he; this
row of ar card lost in the Bush. That's
what Cooks need ask walking all day. And
that's as true as walking all day. Lord
what's truth? Do they play Bridge in
the drawing room after dinner — we go for
walk by night. Night such a thing
Eyes see. How true! There 12 out in
this village. There some walking over the
sea. I like thinking those lights mean
something. are replant: have another
like — Oh yes, are on watches. I mean I'm
not supposed to be only me. I'm a dreamer.

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But then what about stones? ash trees memorials? Aren't they forever saying we're all one: lines of Italians - Chemists explorers. & men who merely observed. They were very uneven and on a time about paying the rent. That's what left them short. And love - Educating children. Teaching them what to believe how to behave; Above the general battle remember: Civil service, bar, medicine - to join. Can't forget all that - No; that's it - the motored plump one that flies - that's the 10:55 that goes to Edinburgh. That's the pride of million & men buy penknives at the desks in unattractive railway rooms, whose leaden smell of fish: blood & tubes at the platform. Can't deny the wreath the print forsake your mystic sights reflected in pools. And so on.

now and Maria looks hurt. She's lost. And don't like losing. Never did. A disappointed face. An old woman in a hat. So feeble: so shaken - can't even be forcible now - & sweet. Gone. Both. He

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Great men's homes.

London is lately become full of great men's homes, brought for the nation, & preserved with their walking sticks & umbrellas & hats, their for all & entire, with their furniture intact with the chairs they sat on - the cups they drank from; their umbrellas & their chests of drawers - Carlyle's who had and also no fewer perhaps curiously than endless Dickens's homes - Johnson's home - Carlyle's home - Keats' home. Wilkes to be for A great writer - Milton & to be more than a minister, or a painter or a to be Statesman, - It would seem to be a fact that writers blame themselves upon their profession more than any other class of person. My of artists paint they may persons none. that they they contrive a true artist will always make himself a home that fit him as perfectly as a but they always houses, what is much more curious is intensely. Most felt for - but they always possess a curious passion for homes themselves affectionately: to stamp their own identity upon the most ordinary household object. How to want to understand Carlyle's Home can be as Should Matter must read 5 Chyne Row: a Go down into the basement. There is a the secret of there, Take the Carlyles to. Book after book has been written about them. pictures. but in we Perhaps we want to understand the Cs to consider we must go to 5 Chyne Row & visit the basement. At Here we begin to see in a new light atoms upon a fact that Here abroad we a fact is brought home to us which us - they had we not made London.

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1655

Monday
Feb. 22nd

~~Sidney's Arcadia.~~
The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia

There is, we are often told, a literature of escape— books written to provide the writer with a refuge from the mean, the sordid & the actual. Certainly there is a mood in which we seek out whatever is most different from the present moment: in which we turn ~~with relief~~ from the glossy lives of biography, ~~from the~~ & the latest poetry & fiction to ~~one of those~~ brown folios of the Elizabethan age, ~~take the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia;~~ ~~in order~~ ~~not so much to~~ to wash ourselves of the dust of the present moment, to draw a veil between our eyes ~~& the light of the~~ & to dust soften the harsh noises of the street. ~~Some brown folio~~, in order to ~~dust out~~ be ~~calmed~~ soothed, & charmed & made aware of other ~~ages~~ times; less hasty & less noisy & less ~~indecent~~ insistent than our own. There is a charm there even in the look of those great folios which have gravitated to the bottom of the shelf. The book— Sir a Copy of the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia written by Sr. Philip Sidney knight— has outlived many generations of readers, Richard Porter who owned it about the year 1655 might well have seen ~~it~~ and Shakespeare: Lucy Raylor who It has passed from hand to hand while for Came next close on three hundred years. It has rested in some shelf or other while Marlborough was fighting & Nelson; & ~~no~~ ~~Isaac~~ no doubt ~~has~~ Macaulay ~~Isaac the Corn~~ ~~ya~~ the news of the Waterloo was

Some
as we draw blinds & shut bolt doors a window out;

in of by their own weight

next met
Sir
T. Brown

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was read out in the ~~th~~ presence. Could here this in
~~nineteen thirty two~~ with opening ~~to~~ its ~~long~~ to tell us
its long long story in the year nineteen thirty two —
we have only to open it, we hear Philip Sidney saying
~~saying to his sister~~ addressing "my dear Lady &
Sister, the Countess of Pembroke", & telling her
there now have you (most dear, & most worthy to bee
most dear Ladie!) this idle work of mine: which
I fear (like the Spider's web) will be thought
fitter to be swept away, than worn to any other
purpose". Let us then whether we can
still be- listen to the story that Philip told his
Sister years ago; & so keep up the long
succession of obscure & humble people who have
~~read in this very book~~, & ~~gone~~ their way, silently
~~leaving no other record of themselves than~~
of whom we know nothing except that they once read
~~who have been reading for close on three hundred~~
~~years now~~ this very copy of the Countess of
Pembroke's Arcadia.

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And the first impression of the Arcadia is that
Sir Philip Sidney wrote it in the same mood that we
now read it — to escape. His eyes that is to say
are not set upon Wilton, upon Salisbury, upon London; his mind is turned away from his
the troubles that are brewing with Queen Elizabeth. Court & our Royal Terms
He is looking away into the some unregal
beautiful land which he calls Greece; Englond; where there are
Princes & Shepherds; where there are valleys & groves;
where the lyons are 'lodges of yellow stone built in
the form of a star'; where there are lutes &
nightingales & roses, & to balance these delights
bears & lions, storms & giants, &
where, wandering among the lutes & the roses come
bears & lions; where life is content in adventure;
with among [illegible] where Princesses are
secluded with swineherds; where disguise is
perpetually necessary; so that the shepherd is really a
of his a prince; where the prince is disguised as a
shepherd; where the woman is really a man —
where anything may happen & often what actually
does happen here in England in the year 1580.
This Easy to see why Sidney half apologises
when he says in his letter to Greville, half
apologetically. Even for the Sidneys & the Pembrokes
life were not quite like that. And yet
the magic the life we make up, when we
allow ourselves to sink back & half shut
our eyes & frown for the absurd impossible

NYPL

Worris which have somehow been shaping themselves in the
as we transact the ordinary duties of responsible citizens
has a wild beauty, an eager energy; ~~something of the~~
~~quality of a dream~~, it is often the image distorted &
distorted, of what we most desire. Thus the
Arcadia by wilfully flouting all contact with
fact possesses fains some other reality — which still has power
as they clearly felt, when he had ~~betrayed~~ said that his over us,
friends would like it for the waters sake. They
would come closer to some quality clearly
knew that it would have for those who knew him in
the flesh. It has in the first place. The
the first place it has the power The very unreasonably
after ~~the~~ evening scene, we are at one who were only a
minute ago There is an abandonment a delight in
the complete abandonment to romance. We who
but one minute ago were impressed in all
customs of fastened down here amid a thousand
disagreeables, are this delegation, in the first place,
to be by the sea there with shepherds, in spring,
on those sands which lie against the Island of
Cithera; & then to see something floating on the
waves; & then to find that it is a man, & that the
man grasps in his breast a square small coffer;
& then to find that he is young & beautiful &
that though he were naked, nakedness was to him as
apparel." It is true that And then this
fact that shepherds never talk as these shepherds talk. But
Even as they warble in their queer contorted phrases
something appears on the meanwhile rowing in a
bark out to sea, at the request of Musidorus,
something appears: a stain on the water, with smoke a

perhaps indicates they need find utterance among all this absurdity something of humility more.

NYPL

fire sparks & smoke; For the ships in which these princes
had been engaging had taken fire; about it floated
Great store of fierie reck things, & many drowned sailors.
"In summe, a defeat, where the conquered kept both
field & spoile: a ship wrack without storm or ill
footing: & a waste of fire in the midst after water."
4 Here perhaps we have some of the elements which
made this vast ill proportioned book so delightful to
its readers. We have beauty of scene: movement:
something always changing. Development: all told
in an ambling natural style which rises every
seventh wave, to the beautiful stately cadence
that came so naturally to the Elizabethan. "—
"And a waste of fire in the midst after water."
From that scene, all the rest develops: like
some infinitely ingenious spider Lodge spins
his thread out of his bowels, complicates, involves,
fetches helplessly tangles; muddles; involves the
whole as seem in his meshes: but on he goes,
unperturbably, patiently, still drawing this
fine thread out of his entrails; until who is who,
& talking to who, who what power is telling what
story to whom, why, & where & for what purpose —
when it were idle to enquire.
But if
But although
we

NYPL

Sidney thus, though he might pretend to write the
Sidney, it is clear, Sidney it is clear of From such phrases
whether or not Sidney perhaps was simply waiting to escape, for amusement, to divert himself
it is clear from such that his mind expanded,
chose freely engaged its freedom. But it cannot be
denied that certain graces wait upon the mind
reward the mind which simply seeks enjoyment. There is
a certain Moreover, the And the fact that
we are drawn on in this unheroic landscape,
not merely by its liberties but because we
whole heartedly, simply, by a mind the moreover that
love which to whom the mere act of syllabling
words is evidently delightful. Sing to
fiddling down to work writing we feel again-
again as we mouth out the absurd extravagant
as these long vaunting ways to Sidney a perpetual
a perpetual an act as about like in Italy,
finding merely in after and English winter abroad in
Sicily in a field full as in a flower. One feels that
he could can hardly believe his eyes. Can it be
true that there are such numbers as beautiful
words? – that instead of saying "fucking" one
can say "with bleating oratory" "craved the dear's
Comfort"; or instead of saying "undressed" said
one can say
that there is words can form a cluster
a sprout a word a jam so that in half an
hour or so a whole page is filled with these
such lovely unhandled things? the most
them, they are all beautiful? There is a
world of difference between writing like this
with its simple intonation, it when the

at what his pen brings to

She showed the marks on the kitchen.

The Lefevre decided right to "said Punk, the groom. ~~At the~~ Lizzy would have spoken, but her cough prevented her. ~~Mrs~~ Lizzy a large coughed.

~~She~~ Another day passed.

~~The next~~ It was a lovely summer day. The grooms up were playing tennis - Charles - Elizabeth - Ed. sat there legs flashing about. The Count. The was smoking among the hollyhocks now: which ~~the~~ Zan caught which tickled her arms, like a lizzie. Then a bark bounced at her feet. Roddy came running to find it. And with him was a girl in white. They ~~pretended~~ not to see the bark, though the ~~girl~~ ran at them. And then Roddy & a girl came past the & she followed them, holding the bark.

Cut along into the house & fetch my purse said Roddy, boldly ~~at~~ to ~~Lizzie~~ Lizzie. Why did they want to said a secret hiding place? The guard, that always not the purse he wanted - but what? - to be ~~with~~ Sir.

~~Carry~~ Elmer was the ~~Sister~~ of the Lefevre daughters. She was tall ~~for~~ Elizabeth age: & so, they had tea together, alone in the Wood room - for about know as they said Carry, he is very ignorant. She said that a clergyman had been to lunch: & she didn't know what to say when he said - the Children & bread ... by with Carry, the letter just read: & to eat a letter to a headmaster ~~on~~ for just school. "We want to read poetry" they said. That was how they came to that Roddy was a boat. Indeed his home was not far away.

Lizzy went on coughing.

the words seem to be perpetually surprised & a little troubled:
always meaning on further & further away from new words.
& the writing of later age when the dew is off the
language, & there is no zest & wonder left in
as God This Sydney has prepared remain perfectly
readable; & often as we read through them,
half laughing, half puzzled, protesting, how
not gathering much meaning, the illusion comes
when we we seem to be bathing in some
beautiful not reading so much as bathing in some
sparkling delicious liquid, we get informed –
babble of sound, a chorus of intoxicated birds
voices: the Lyrist language singing before
anyone is up to hear it.

But Sidney was though this however. It is
easy to exaggerate this the importance of a
peculiarity which redundancies & vagaries of youth.
Sidney was like Lyrist other story tellers, Sidney was
dealing with may have been escaping from his
own times & circumstances; he may have been
taking the opportunity to prove his experiment with
new instrument of language: but Even so, there are parts
Even in Arcadia, he remained a man, & even in
Arcadia; he cannot wander for ever without
altogether forgot that even Musidorus & Pyrocles are
men & not Pamela & Philoclea are women.
Thus we stumble in a little to our
inevitably upon the scenes that
that can not be dealt with veiled off with a

Delightfully because they are lost.

Eighth Sketch.

The race horses came cantering along the top of the down.
with the jockeys
Then the hunt followed. Sometimes you could see the
whole procession: the fox, the hounds, & all the field following after.
Then there was silence & the little girl
went on, hearing the bells. She would carry a whole bunch
back, with her little shoulders to the wind in the great house
above among the trees. The rooms were all in the tops the house.
This cage which housed my head was in the family for
five hundred years.
But the From the many windows you could
see the flower garden: & Mrs Ogilby in her shady hat
walking along the gravel paths: & Ben Rhoddy, & then Peter & then
Hush. But
It was a large family. She was two born when her
mother had grown up many children, & had set her mind
upon two unimportant objects; one, to love the horses the other to
not sing to music. Divided between these many things:
She had little attention to give to her younger sister.
Elizabeth was left to the nurses; the governess came in
the kitchen. The others were so much older than she was.
So, from the beginning, the rose the lips, & the roots:
not shown in the grass: not the flowers on the trees, - but
legs, roots, insects. And
when he dines said, in the schoolroom,
"I'll give you whipsnaps if you say damn in the
drawing room." She said, "Why not."
Then the Squire said "Come to my study after tea"
He handled her drawing, & beat her.
And the darkness beat. She could:
Damn - unfortunately there was an n
To the had four strokes on her behind, not three.
That was the telling lesson.

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& flowing pen; scenes where Sidney clearly stopped & considered, like any other novelist, what people in this particular situation would in fact feel & say. And then we get for a minute or two the a grotesque, a curious, ~~sensation~~ combination: living people, capable of strong & complex emotions, suddenly ~~appear in a~~ here are people of strong & complex emotions - like Sidney himself & Penelope Devereux - seen dressed up as shepherds & shepherdesses, in a world in keeping with & sea-coloured satin, with in Arcadia, with bear hunting & lion-killing in shepherds' hats in Arcadia, he in leopard skins, she in sea coloured satin & pearl & strung nets, thinking in their own voices.

" ... many times have I, leaning to yonder Palm,
admired the blendour of it, that it could bear
love without sense of pain.

Ravaged by the passionate thought upon real men & women in writing.

of Cardenio:

That wounds not like the voice of Philip Sidney than the voice of Musidorus. Again we are reminded, "
love deals its wounds even in Arcadia. Musidorus
gives Pamela a jewel made in the figure of a
Crab-fish to the eighty, because it looks one way &
goes another " that though he pretends to love
Mopsa his heart was hers. And Pamela takes it
& he watches her & is struck to the heart, not by her
beauty, not by her hatred, but by because she
took it with a calm carelessness letting Each
thing slide (just as we do by those who
neither in matter or person we do any way
belong unto us) what kind of cold temper it is of all

Writers night.

How strange that the sun rises shining; & the birds singing.
For here, this cruel Reality known as the latter case in which I
live

Such was the complacency of a woman who had all
her faculties entire.

She did not love sufficiently. She had no
grasp of

It was a hot spring day, in the year before the war.
We were then allied with France; officially. The
Entente agreement between our two leaders
was complete, & reflected itself closely in the
attitude of the tourist. If we went into a
shop, to buy an article for a picnic, the
man shared our anxieties & we hope that there would be no war,
he said. & when we asked for the way to Les
Roches, he told us

meet with that lightning of her natural majesty
others most terrible unto me ... ...
But this cruel fleetness, rather referring to mirthe nor

— surely a subtle & acute observation, made by
Sidney with his own eyes, & felt with his own heart.

For a moment the same shine two souls
& the mother laughs in love with the same
man, & the absent old father who has
fallen in love with a woman &
sleeps to prove his youth, & is pierced & his
pain,

The woman who lives in this room has had the look
of someone without any connection past. She has no
settled relations with her kind. She is like a
piece of sea weed that floats how then we can, then that way.
~~the [illegible]~~ For the people who float into
this life, are always passing through. Their minds,
even as the body flows, are in the latter downstream.
She inhabits a fluctuating water world: for
which reason there is no continuity found up & down
like a piece of sea weed. She has no continuity
the rush of water is always flowing her up & down.

a Man Good Person & Mother
Farmer -

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For a moment the ~~mother who is in love with the~~
~~passions of the mother who is~~ in love with her daughter's
lover, & these pale & legendary figures as Gynecia,
Philoclea, Zelmane - are lucidly lit up; ~~with the passion~~
~~their passion - the mother's~~ their faces are distorted
with real passion; Gynecia, for a second is
has the grandeur of Phedre; She loves the man her
& has seen through his disguise;
daughter loves; Basilius & the old king, in
whom the beautiful ~~stranger~~ strange stranger has
wakened a ridiculous senile amorosity
reveals his ~~true~~ vicious
is shown vividly, old & amorous & absurd,
looking "very" curiously upon himself, sometimes
fetching a little skip, as if he had said his
strength had not yet forsaken him:
But the light fades; ~~& we are left~~ the street
her ~~the fingers become~~ resume ~~their voices, & the shepherds~~
~~one more felt the~~ & the shepherds resume their warbling.
& the pale figures one more ~~flit~~ resume their
interminable ~~dance~~ pose.

~~And like~~ & But that moment of illumination
~~a power to throw us~~ throws a curious light upon the
whole work. We realise more clearly afterwards
We realise more clearly than before.
the limitations ~~of the writer~~ suffered ~~by~~ which serves to show us the hand
limitations ~~of the writer~~ which Sidney is working,
& how ~~imperfectly~~ whether the time was the
to be imposed them on himself, or was enforced by
that Sidney could for a moment think
& fail as closely & as keenly as any modern
novelist. And then, the something seems
by following his own natural instincts, thank -
fail almost in the manner of a modern
novelist. But he does not wish to pursue this

over it again he'd be court martialled.

Here walk parked.

~~It was a~~ The words had a strong savour of decaying fish. ~~It was then that~~ Beat was in her day a hanger on about the Regent. ~~He wore frogs~~ & the There was a strong scent of the old rotten heap. The cavalry attendants had heard them when the P Regent was all the rage. And long before that. For there is a very ~~Very~~ smell about human legs: at ~~watering~~ bleaks. ~~They~~ This inspects Everything. It ~~gets into the traps of the joint.~~

~~As to~~ Yet, when night comes, the Green body of the town is sunk, & only a skeleton remains, hung in fairy lamps.

You might think that the stench & the wash was the work of some eternal wave: that nothing changes in human nature: that Beat ~~has~~ is a perennial fixture: that accounts for the expression on the face of the cavalry attendant. This means: the lot of the.

And as ~~It~~ But am I writing

The ~~Gods~~ do when the gods home, ~~It~~

It ~~is the same in every~~

~~It always~~ the tide. It reveals a lot of fish. When the ~~It withdraws~~ men it retakes. When it withdraws. Just as the down shen, thick, Just as the wash flushes.

The ~~cavalry attendant~~ But at night, the town certainly looks ethereal. ~~This~~ There is a white glow on the down. Here are hoops & coronets of lights on the roofs. all the Cares are lit up. The watery blue Boats on the right. And like a the cranes ~~garnet~~ on the sea.

but then in another world we are back again among
conventions which often influence interest.
And then, whether curiously or not, he resigns himself to the
spirit of the age; he believes with relief, the remembers
what some sudden stirring of the spirit teach him
for the moment forgot, that one must not, in prose,
use the ordinary words of daily speech: one must not, in a
romance, make that Prince & Princess
must talk of high sentiments in refined language.
He only the old women & ordinary human beings.
Thus humour Humour is the attribute of peasants.
They can behave ridiculously; they can talk — but
one must be quick to point out the folly: yet — about
naturally, like Wiltshire peasants, shambling, &
Counting upon his fingers, how many load, of hay
Seventeen fat oxen eat up in a year, but one
must not imply the badness of such behaviour;
be quick to point out the folly of such behaviour;
this only Just as it is not right, this not
Jeffrey. No, Sidney feels, as we watch him, the
strong health of his age; he turns away, after this one
glimpse in our direction: under psychology
Realism, the exact description of what lies before a
him are not for him; other forces are urging
in his ears; & so we see him, like a figure
eluding us, passing from our fingers, wilfully
stopping his ears to the urgent & voices of his
own passions, & refusing even to listen & to the
though now again & he cannot help noting
how the heron 'waggles' as it rises from
the marsh; how the spaniel hunts a duck
"with a snuffling grace" turning from these
pleasant Wiltshire towards sights to the sepulchre, to the
rose, to the castle & fair valleys of his remote
Arcadia.

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They then, would say, they took back through the corridors of memory, ~~the last meal~~ then last meal to be different from any other. It must be entirely disconnected. ~~They~~ The door must be always opening: & shutting. They can have no retired relations with their kind. The memoirs & laboratory attendant have never been written. The human race to them must be always running in hastily: then walk slowly: & out they come. Just remember a touch up at the glass; a puff powder a rouge: & with their minds on the meal awaiting them, in some one sitting in front of the menu card. they ~~no~~ make off again. leaving the ~~laboratory attendant~~ to prepare for the next comer.

~~The door~~ In this particular restaurant there was no division between the two compartment, to save a clever. And the On the one side the claims of nature were flouted: on the other, at the working bench, as ~~impersonal, tamed,~~ made but under the discipline of art. ~~There, a~~ ~~The procession~~ The young ladies we had arrived at this second stage of their daily ritual. They were at to subduing nature, with their powders puffs & little red tablets. As they did so they talked. Their talk was cut ~~this~~ interrupted & the creation [illegible] of water in one of the compartments.

... I don't like her. She's a simpering little thing - But then he never did care about big women.... You have you seen Bert since he's come back? ... her eyes, they're so blue ... like pools ... Bert's too ... both are the same eyes. You look down into them ... And her smile — when they're both set the same white teeth — only Bert's are ~~lean~~ are a bit crooked ... Yes, they're a bit crooked ... But he had ought to be careful. He

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And yet, the

But how the all that we to the tracts seem
weaned. How, more is bring the stir in the Arcadia
How is doing the work of poetry. Nothing is
stranger than as Sidney uses it — these long sentences,
these knittedness these many syllabled words, so
involved, so apt to catch up more ornaments
words than it can: that his about proves utterly
singularly to unable to deal with fact.
any but the nobler, slower, more generalized
emotions. What hachanta is in the It gravitates
naturally to descriptions of not wide scenery;
it lends itself to long separable narratives
uninterrupted by any other speaker — the kind
story of hero And when Sidney wished to
strike home, to turn up, to repeat a single
separate, definite impression, to give his long
winded pages a moment of intensity, realism
he turns to verse. Verse in the Arcadia performs the
function of dialogue in the modern novel. It is
in those little touches of light song that are
scattered about his interminable adventures of
Pyrocles. Musidorus that we our interest
is once more fanned into flame. Often the
realism, vigour of the verse comes as from the
drowsiness of the dandification of the prose.

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he hunts out; & one wonders what the
Princes & Princesses will think of it.
what — will the Princes, peasants make of that?

The Ladies Lavatory

It was a fairy town by night, like all seaside towns:
its slow body was ~~masked~~ laid back down into
the night, & was marked by lines of
fairy lamps. ~~It was a Skeleton of~~ Yet
the skeleton was tricked out by little lamps.
It was born again in all its slowness when the sun
rose. Like all seaside towns it had a melancholy
savour - of brine, of lubricity. It was pervaded by the
smell of fish. Shells were
shells. iridescent, hard, fragile. ~~Shells were a key~~ Everything
seemed frivolous: the shops were full of buckets & spades.
The ~~shop~~ sweets were a frenzied sleeping sweet shop.
Even the inhabitants had a melancholy savour: cheery,
nautical, old men; with ~~their~~ flannel caps, ~~tanned~~ hands,
who could no more have taken to the sea, or to the hunt
than the ~~A~~ lad is who went shopping in
Seaton Jersey, but with high heeled shoes. And
a basket & coloured raffia.

~~The Lavatory~~ ~~There was something~~

~~At one o'clock~~

This savour, this lubricity turned most concentrated
in the ~~lavatory~~ at one o'clock when the inn attached
to the ~~lavatory~~ indiscriminate frivolous population met for lunch.
The consumption of fish was prodigious.
The restaurant had a fishy smell. The smell of a
smack that has drawn up nets. It
pervaded the restaurant; but it was to be
smelt too in the little ladies lavatory
opening out of the front landing As usual, there was
an attendant - one of those women who are
forever opening doors, fussy in a neat a serge: Of
their private lives nothing is known. They

than the boy friends did have but not in the men.

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And how, after hearing these can they be so soon with the interminable story of Planges & Erma. How can they let drowsy sin about the [illegible] of the policy of Prince Pleyestus & ambling tamely round the palfrey of Queen Andromana. & recounting the troubles which beset
when the stout Sidney is able to tell them
how Shepherds spend their day,
at blow point, hit Cocks, or else at Heels,
224 when his clear country bred eye is observing the
"their grossly pampered Bees." when
he can take up his harp & sing
2 106 "My sheep are thoughts, which I both guide &
Their pasture is fair hills of fruitless love:
On barren sweets they feed, & feeding starve —

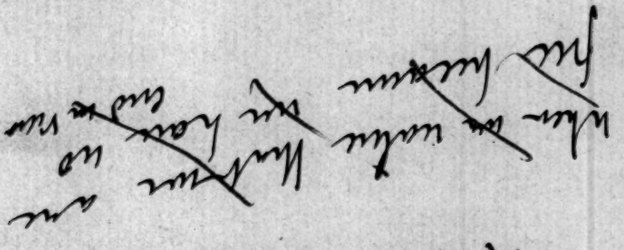
But it is vain to ask; only the last that Lelmane had received a blow from a lions paw earlier in the day ever [illegible] them to bed, makes them tired of listening or suggests to the narrator that or suggest to Basilius Mabet "might be better to
94 reserve the Complaint of Klaius till another day.
"Which he, perceiving the King had already worn out much time, & not knowing when Lamon would end, being even now stepping over to a new matter, though much delighted with what was spoken, willingly agreed unto. And so [illegible] Sidney they went to recommend themselves to the elder brother of death."

that asthma could be cured. It would need a cataclysm, an earthquake, to destroy that peak - just as, I suppose, it was made by an earthquake. I asked Ben Melchior the other day, if there ever were earthquakes now. And he said, no; only landslides, & avalanches. Sometimes they blot out a whole village he said. He added grimly, But there is no danger here.

My dear, as I write this my wound, my eyes are caught by the young men. roped together - one, as I think I told you, was at school with Mildred. They are roped together - they are now crossing a crevasse..

She then felt from her hand; & the ink straggled across the page. ~~one of the blank~~ They had disappeared.

And strangely only late that night, after the love-dei had been begun by the Leader hastily, that the found the pages on the balcony. And added, deeply her pen again; then sanctions with take comfort from the thought that they dead, tryst to clinch the covenant. The old shepherd work prove very serviceable. Let us hope. The peasants with buy their flowers to lay on their graves. How well one knows the tone.



And ~~the thanks has just taken life into~~ him.

But as there seemed no further explanation, she added, ~~Love to the Children~~ & much to Jemmy. Love to the Children, & her last name.

~~But before we follow their example~~

And we must admit that we are tempted ~~to follow their example~~; as the story wends its way, to follow their example. ~~The delight of complete freedom is great, & but they give way~~ Great as are ~~the delights of~~ Freedom ~~they are~~ ~~pale~~ when we begin to suspect that ~~the way is to be we have no lead in view. It~~ freedom is ~~lead~~ nothing but freedom; that it has ~~no lead in view~~; that we are going to ~~become less delightful~~ are ~~pale~~ when it becomes ~~but~~ the delight of freedom ~~pale~~ when it has no end in view. And ~~long before~~ ~~Sidney~~ by the time Sidney reaches his third book we begin to suspect that he has lost himself. ~~It is~~ sad that we are watching ~~some~~ an ingenuity ~~forth~~ wider ~~drawing out the thread into~~ spinning ~~understanding~~ an interminable thread, ~~weaving web~~ upon web, ~~& for ever~~ ~~round~~ round & round unable to make an end, for ~~in & out over & over~~. Who is talking to who, ~~why~~ & where ~~they are~~ & for what purpose ~~this~~ all is ~~to inquire for~~ ~~the features~~ ~~gradually~~ ~~the~~ ~~whose~~ Musidorus is indistinguishable from Pyrocles, Pamela from Philoclea. ~~The~~ ~~invocation of the~~ Indeed the method of ~~method is a drawback~~, even to the Elizabethans. The dialogue gives us no help. ~~It~~ We only know that ~~some~~ half the characters are of sparkling virtue, half of unredeemed vice. And we know this only because the that there are two kinds of people, the good & the bad, & two classes, the high & the low. all that lie

~~we~~ & ~~out~~ & ~~round~~ ~~would~~

how many good great uncles you loved & died: there were two:
they left them children home. I was reading the life of one
of those men the other day. Also there was the young
Cornish who started out an expedition... he came to great
woe.. I think of all the Explorers: have we not
words for them? how John was lost in the Antarctic:
I think of all this effort. He never came back. He died at
sea. Also, of your own life, my dear Rosamund.
Something - Come to the mountain. makes me see the
little white w clearly. The little white ... she looked
across the street: a woman was shaking a mat... which
one the little white. For they are just the same here.
We knock at one. And this' monotonous,
the land is not what you can call bad... It were not
that one always see the mountain: I assure you, I
do. Struck sometimes, coming into the one shop, where
my pets happen - we get them a week late -
always to see that mountain. It is [illegible] me mad.
Sometimes it looks just across the way: often, like a
cloud. You take also somehow the dark, even
among the wooded, is always about the mountain:
I wish you could to Chew Valley - you can only
just see it between the clouds. I thought for one,
in the storm last night, it was hidden. But, just as they
began the anchorage read, Mt Perhaps dead,
Look there's the mountain.

You will think I know that I ought to be
ashamed of myself, in a world where there is so
much suffering: But one can't confined to the best.
The nature rebels dreadfully from pettiness.
One ought to be ashamed of dwelling upon

between is ignored. and ~~further the writer is~~ the writer has
in the conduct of these large amorphous masses
naturally lost touch with these large amorphous masses:
he has forgotten himself. Well in the middle of the
way, when the reader perceives with alarm that
Sidney has forgotten, what on earth are letters of condolence a
matter of some importance whether 'I' am telling the story;
or whether 'I' am one of the chief personages in the story
But by the time we reach this point ~~we are~~
~~so hopelessly tangled that it~~ the thing that
binds us to the book is we think that we can hardly
drift much further away if Sidney were to
alter his method completely.

Freedom is not such a fruitful gift as it seemed in the
first ~~fo~~ beginning. True, to feel that you can say
anything, go anywhere gives an immense impetus to
at the start. But as these letters count the cost.
to invention ~~Sidney has fare from easy~~ Since there is no
li end in view, there can be no sense of direction.
One incident rubs out another. ~~And since~~
The web is spun, spun, spun over interminably
Ceaselessly, unstrung until it is one tangled mass. And
since nobody has any character - for to endow
them ~~limpid~~ limpid shaped forms with character
or ~~is~~ the only oppositions are of the simplest
nature - virtue against vice, right the high born
against the low born - since all the intervening
grades are ignored - so there can be no variety, no
no ~~difference in what subtle way~~ subtlety. no
intensity. And since, reading her letters to amuse
her sister, Sidney was not sure where he stood,
or who he was, the reader, who depends upon
the writer to guide him, to be by his side.
suddenly finds himself left in the lurch. Half

~~It~~ Then I would read the Chatter for the day.
Variety of character, adds to variety.
~~Big despair.~~ When the Dr Came I was aware a
Grave Expression. Yet he seemed that I had only one wish -
I Cant Even now write that down. What is it
makes me want ask this? I did. I know he
~~to~~ ~~only you~~ Carbery only say into your life.
Hasten the only way in wh. we can escape.... He looked
at the mountain... There are people who say that
the way to ~~escape the~~ by make two - two
come together Am I making nonsense? I am
only trying to tell you that I ~~have a sense of~~
what I am thinking on the balcony. I am aware
post on they are of the desire to make the
height. The most extraord dreams come to me.
I think if I could get there. I should be happy to die.
I think the ~~sun~~ There, in the Crater, wh. looks like me the
Photo in the moon, I should find the answer.
What ~~I~~ has come over me that, when we
regret - say wanted youth - we are only ~~nothing~~
any children. The real problem is to climb the
to the top of the mountain. why, what is water,
have on the desert? who gave them? And
I ~~know it~~ this time, she added, that I loved
they flowers for the graves of those who have perished:
They suffer from Jackie too. I cd. no doubt
discover why. I ~~loved~~ But, ...
The ~~photo of the mountain~~ make me think so many
strange thoughts: of the savages: my little
Lads: of world travelling down South:
I can see so many pictures. And, Comey & am
Circle Indeed Lonely as I do, I know by

through Sidney whose sense of his responsibility to his
Character had grown to a habit, forgets if he is telling
the story or is outside the story or within it. No
reader can be kept in bondage by such means as
these. The book flaunts off, away, into one whose
to welcome me as these neglected lands, those
overgrown & seldom visited places, where the flowers
grow over fallen pillars. where one has a sense of the
rain drops. & flowers overgrown, & old steps worn with
moss, & vast weeds flowering in the cracks of
marble steps. And yet as when we come to
the last page that Sidney wrote, before he went to
the low Countries & met his Death, we can
scarcely help pausing for a moment before we
return the folio to its place in on the bottom shelf.
In the Arcadia we see English fiction lying
all the characteristics of English fiction lying latent.
How has it manifested themselves. It may
How will it develop? will it turn away
to Greece, to Rome & Florence, with it
seek after the statuesque & monumental, impersonalities
& preserve, in prose, the majesty & the movement,
the flowing lines, the sculptured masses, the
high places. the vast landscapes of the Epic?
Or will it look here, & now, at what is
happening actually, & record the sufferings & the
amusements. the joys & comings. the ordinary
daily life of ordinary human beings? Or will it
look within? All these possibilities
seem to forever unexplored, locked up, in the
Vast Circumference of the Arcadia. And
as if Sidney knew that the task he had
broached a task too large for his age, he

forced to choose to wear Lingerie.
But that was unfeeling. The chic Lingerie that then
Isak Dinesen created was not at all a cliché: in fact
it was something that far from reeking into use
spontaneously, remained almost unpurchasable
Even to Emily.

~~No is a symbol of something~~
~~No Voluptuous~~. ~~The refusal to surrender at any longer.~~
~~The restriction of offers~~,
I am an old woman on a balcony, the Bregner:
~~x~~
The cracks on the top of the mountains against
the changes of the day. whatever
What ~~am I doing~~. Am I digressing wildly. No words,
write what remained of the ink in her pen?
Ah, to talk for the truth, I have practically no
emotion left. I ~~feel myself~~ am sitting on a
balcony. & at one o'clock, the gong will sound.
I have not even troubled to clean my nails.
I have not cut my nails. When not alone my
hair. When I read a book I cannot finish its
I ask myself, why, when I was a young woman,
did I refuse the man who wanted to marry me.'
why did I wear Papa moved just as I met
Jasper? Then there was more money.
I had to marry her. Everything was lost to me.
I mean, it was whisked away. Yes, I can
remember, at Sandown, the boat always
Carrying passengers in the 19 hundreds
Mama, and ask me to describe them:
Meets a couple, Mabel Lee. R. of the Clouds. I see
Hey. & now the boat is turning round...

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which he meant hereafter to other times to work out. He
put down his pen, ~~leaving this beautiful~~
& left unfinished this in all its absurdity & beauty
this attempt to while away the long days at Willon.

Have we indeed escaped. Have we not rather
been caught in the ~~toils~~ to mesh of an endless
web, ~~which entails~~ gradually wrapping us round &
forbidding ~~for~~ that have not escaped: we have been caged.
Has our freedom vanished? Have we not, in our
desire to escape, merely ~~entered a maze~~,
lost our way in a maze, in which we turn & turn
finding no exit yet? By the time we are well
in the middle of the toils / we begin to suspect that
Sidney has no notion where he is taking us.
How long it seemed, to tell a story & amuse &
Yet
Sir— how unsparing to ~~cast reality~~
escape from here & now. & turn to a world of
tales & vows! Why then, as we plod on
through the ~~vast~~ great jobs, does our inlent laughter & our
& ~~mind~~ our eagerness desert us? Chilly breathes
Because Sidney has no notion where he is taking us.
He has a wonderful fertility & invention: every
~~is a page~~ ~~but tells a story~~: no page is without its
invention; no ~~he~~ shepherd is without a story; but
as the ~~alas~~, one story obliterates another. Where
there is no end in view there is no sense of
Direction; Then, where the

Sketches.

There was a bitter dust on the hips & the
mountain like a cradle on the moon.
It was filled with snow: coldescent like
the a precious breeze. There was a strong
drying up dry particles now & again,
covering nothing. It was too high for
breathing, death covered life. But the snow
was & it was very coloured, ash the same;
& changed.

The Graves in the valley, - for there was
a vast sudden declivity in the side - fast
pure wet, snow silted: then trees
feathered the crags: then there was hut:
was a hut: then a little foothold of
green: & finally, a cluster of roofs: &
at last an hotel: - & then with a
Graveyard beside it - the graves in the
valley said that several men were buried
there who had fallen, climbing.
The virgin peak had never been climbed.
It was a habitual challenge: a menace.
Something lying in the mind, like
cleft in the mind like two parts of a
broken disk: two figures numbers: two
or two numbers which cannot be added:
a problem that is insoluble.
If we could reach that height we should
a Symbol, the Lady under the canopy in the
person holding the hotel wrote, of one ...
& Learned. He could see the height that her
glasses. He could imagine that it.

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Now he returned to the world to which he was waking: a home in the outskirts of Birmingham. He entered, as he sang it, into the lives of others.

The balcony overlooked the main street of the village. Some of it afforded a peep It was like a box at the side of a theatre. The play was acted in public, for there were few private rooms. They Their casual encounters often led to marriage. They were whether seen the height, The separation all meetings here were provisional: never ended. Moreover they had something here in them at the same time fantastic. So little that was solid could be dragged to this height. No even the wonders served to open to something hidden in another world. By the time the vicar of Arnsworth reached the village he had become unreal.

He nodded to the grey men who were making ready to depart. With one of them he had a conversation — an acute one, his head bent over Woolmerton. And another had been at College with a son of his last

He waved his hand. With his left hand he The left. ink. The head dipped in the ink. which was Continuing carving her Those sympathetic. He had said. What the mountains were a symbol. What of? he wondered. The virgin mountain: the mountain that no one reached. The observers they to very men: a symbol of effort. In the 40 to few men, in the 60 to 4. had reached whether the robe one, when a rope broke: once when night fell. That was the Cliché: we are always climbing towards some

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which he meant hereafter to other times to work out, he
put down his pen, ~~leaving this beautiful~~
& left unfinished this in all its absurdity & beauty
this attempt to while away the long days at Wilton.

Have we indeed escaped. Have we not rather
been caught in the ~~toddon~~ to mesh of our endless
work, ~~which catches~~ gradually wrapping us round &
~~for bidding~~ ~~Or have not escaped~~ we been caught.
It as our freedom vanished? Have we not, in our
Dream to escape, merely ~~entered a maze~~,
lost our way in a maze, in which we turn & turn
finding no exit yet? By the time we are well
in the middle of the folio / we begin to suspect that
Sidney has no notion where he is taking us.
How long it seemed, to take a story & arrange it
Yet
Series — how unspeaking to ~~Cant reality~~
escape from here & now, & turn to a world of
tales & rose; why then, as we plod on
through the vast folio, does our silent company & our
& ~~mind~~ our eagerness desert us? Chilly breathes
Because Sidney has no notion where he is taking us.
He has wonderful fertility & invention: every
~~is not a page but~~ tells a story; no page is without its
invention; no ~~he~~ shepherd is without a story; but
as the tale, one story obliterates another. Where
there is no end in view there is no sense of
Direction: Then, where the

forced to climb to some height.
But that was unfitting. The thin ~~lightning~~ that then
heat represented was not at all a cliché: in fact
it was something that far from running into me
spontaneously, remained almost unreachable
Even to Emily.

~~No it is a symbol of something~~
~~No solution~~. ~~The refused to bother at anymore.~~
~~The activities of others~~,
I am an old woman on a balcony, the hunger:
~~x~~
The cracks on the top of the mountain lightened
the changes of the day. ~~whatever~~
What ~~am I doing~~. Am I hungry myself. No wrote,
write what remained of the ink in her pen-
holder to tell you the truth, I have practically no
ink left. I ~~feel into~~ am sitting on a
balcony. It is one o'clock, the song with sound.
I have not even troubled to clean ~~my~~ nails.
I have not cut my nails. When not alone my
hair when I read a book I cannot finish its
I ask myself, why, when I was a young woman,
did I refuse the man who wanted to marry me.
~~Why did I was~~ Papa moved just as I met
Parker? Then there were more men. Carter.
I had to name her. Everything was lost to me.
I mean, it was whisked away. Yes, I can
remember, at Sandown, the boat always
Carolyn passengers in her leg hospital
Mama, and ask me to describe them:
That a couple, that Mrs. R. of the Closet. I and
Yes. I now the boat is turning round...

through Sidney whose sense of his responsibilities to his Character had worn to a shred, forgets if he is telling the story or is outside the story or within it. No reader can be kept in bondage by such means as these. The book floats off, away, into one whose to become the actual neglected land, there overgrown & seldom visited places, where the graves grow over fallen pillars. where one has a sense of the rain dripping, & flowers overgrown, & old steps grown with moss, & vast weeds flowering in the cracks of marble steps. And yet once when we come to the last page that Sidney wrote, before he went to the low Countries & met his Death, we can scarcely help pausing for a moment before we return the folio to its place in on the bottom shelf. In the Arcadia we see ~~English fiction~~ all the characteristics of English fiction lying latent. ~~He had intends to~~ It may How well it develop? will it look turn away to Greece, to Rome & Florence, will it seek after the statuesque & monumental, impersonalities & preserve, in prose, the majesty & the movement, the flowing lines, the sculptured masses, the high places, the vast landscapes of the Epic? Or will it look here, & now, at what is & the happening actually, & record the sufferings amusements. the joys & sorrows, the ordinary daily life of ordinary human beings? Or will it look within? all these possibilities seem to sewer, unexplored, locked up, in the vast circumference of the Arcadia. And as if Sidney knew that the task he had broached a task too large for his age, he

but then I would read the Chatto for the day.
Variety of character, all is variety.
~~Big despatch.~~ When the Dr came I was assume a
Grave expression. Yet he guessed that I had only one wish -
I Cant even now write that down. What is it
makes me write all this? Ishd. Know he
~~to enjoy you~~ Enjoy only they say into your life.
Happen the only way in wh. we can escape.... We looked
at the mountain... There are people who say that
the way to ~~escape the~~ by make two + two
come together. Am I making nonsense? I am
only trying to tell you that I ~~have a sense of~~
what I am thinking at the balcony. I am aware
post or they are of the desire to main the
height. The most extraord dreams come to me.
I think if I could get there. I should be happy to die.
I think the ~~sun~~ There, in the Grave, wh. looks like me this
Photo in the room, I should find the answer.
What We have come over me that, when we
want - say wanted peace - we are only ~~nothing~~
any children. The real problem is to climb the
to the top of the mountain. Why, what is over,
have on the desert? Who saw star? And
I ~~know it~~ This time, she added, that I would
buy flowers for the graves of those who have perished:
they rather from Jacke two. I wd. no doubt
discover why. I turned But...
The ~~photo of the mountain~~ make me think so many
strange thoughts: of the savages: of Letts
Letts: of world taken travelling down South:
I can see so many pictures. And, Comey & Ann
Clarke Indeed Frankly as I do, I know by

between is ignored. and ~~further the writer is~~ the writer has
in the comfort of these large amorphous masses
naturally lost touch with these large amorphous masses:
he has forgotten himself. Lost in the middle of the
story, when the reader perceives with alarm that
Sidney has forgotten, what was of a later age considered a
matter of some importance, whether 'I' am telling the story;
or whether 'I' am one of the chief personages in the story
But by the time we reach this point we care
~~so hopelessly tangled that it~~ the thing that
binds us to the book is so slack that we can hardly
drift much further away if Sidney were to
alter his method completely.

freedom is not such a fruitful gift as it seemed in the
~~first~~ beginning. True, to feel that you can say
anything & go anywhere gives an immense impetus to
all the start. But ~~in these~~ letters count the cost.
~~After Sidney has fair~~ Since there is no
bind in view, there can be no sense of direction.
One incident rubs out another. ~~And since~~
The web is spun & spun & spun interminably
Cearchingly, ~~without~~ until it is one tangled mass. ~~And~~
Since ~~nobody~~ has any character – for to ~~endow~~
~~them~~ simplified, ~~stupid~~ forms with character
or ~~is~~ the only obstructions are of the simplest
nature – virtue against vice, ~~bright~~ the high born
against the low born – since all the intervening
grades are ignored – ~~so~~ there can be no variety, no
no ~~difference in what purple~~ ~~gay~~. richness, no
intensity. And since, ~~reading~~ her pen to amuse
her sister, Sidney was not sure where he stood,
or who he was, the reader, who depends upon
the writer to guide him, to be by his side. Half
suddenly finds himself left in the lurch. Half

to invention
is

how many good great uncles you loved & died: then wives too:
they not then children home. I was reading the tops gone
of those men the other day. Also there was the young
Cowen who. Jetted out an Expedition... he come ya great
naa.. I think of all the Explorers: have we not
words of them? how John was lost in the Antarctic:
I think of all his effort. He never came back. He died at
sea. Also, of you ever like, my dear Rosamond.
Something - Can't be the mountain. makes me see the
little villa so clearly. The little villa... the locked
across the street: a woman was shaking a mat... which
one the little villa. For they are just the same here.
We launch at one. And how' monotonous,
the Lord is not what you can call had... It were not
that one always see the mountain: I assure you, I
O. Wreck sometimes, coming into the one shop, where
my desk happen - we get them a week late -
always to see that mountain. It is some me mad.
Sometimes it looks just across the way: other. like a
Cloud. Was dark also somehow the dark, even
among the unraked, is always about the mountain:
I wish we could to Chew today - you can only
just see it between the Clouds. I thought for one,
in the storm last night, it was hidden. But, just as they
began the anchorman read, "Mr Bishop Lord,
Look there's the mountain.

You will think I know that I ought to be
ashamed of myself, in a world where there is so
much suffering: Nor - not confined to the East.
The native rushes steadfastly from pointe.
One ought to be ashamed of dwelling upon

~~But before we follow their example~~

And we must admit that we are tempted ~~to follow their example~~; as the story ~~wound~~ winds its way, to follow their example. ~~The delight of complete freedom is great; & but they give way~~ Great as are ~~the delights of~~ freedom ~~they are~~ pall when we begin to suspect that ~~the way is to we have no end in view do~~ freedom is ~~lead nowhere~~ nothing but freedom; that it has ~~no end in view~~; that we are going to ~~become less delightful~~ pall when it becomes are great: but they are

The delight of freedom palls when it has no end in view.

And ~~long before Sidney~~ by the time Sidney reaches his third book we begin to suspect that he has lost heavily. ~~We~~ feel that we are watching ~~some~~ an impeccably ~~fertile~~ spider ~~drawing out of itself~~ ~~out of~~ spinning an interminable thread, weaving web ~~upon web, & for ever~~ in & out over & over. ~~round &~~ round unable to make an end, for ~~who~~ is talking to who, why & where & for what purpose this cobweb is spun. ~~For~~ ~~The fantastic, particular~~ ~~the~~ Where freedom is indistinguishable from ~~Euphuism~~, Pamela from Philocles. We ~~The convention of the~~ indeed the method of having no method is a drawback, even to the Elizabethans. The dialogue gives us no help. ~~The~~ We only know It ignores Character is ignored. ~~only~~ that ~~some~~ half the characters are of flawless virtue, half of unredeemed vice. And we know this only because the that there are two kinds of people, the good & the bad, & two classes, the high & the low. all that lies

we & out & round & round

that ashes could be cured. It would need a earthquake, an earthquake, to destroy that peak - just as, I suppose, it was made by an earthquake. I asked Mr Melchior the other day, if there ever were earthquakes now. And he said, no; only landslips, & avalanches. Sometimes they blot out a whole village he said. He added grimly, But there's no danger here.

My dear, as I write these very words, my eyes are caught by the young men. Who'd spotted - me, as I think I told you, was at church with Mildred. They are whispering - they are now coming a overseas..

The hen fell from her hand; & the ink struggled across the page. ~~One after the other~~ They had disappeared.

And it was only late that night, after the lovers had been begotten by the Leonids hardly, that the pages on the balcony And added, deftly her pen again; Mrs Jamieson will take comfort from the thought that they died, trying to climb the mountain. The old clothes will prove very serviceable. Let us hope. The peasants will buy spring flowers to lay on their graves. How well one knows the tone.

~~And the thanks has just taken life into~~ him.

But as there seemed no getting Mr Melchior, she added, ~~Love to the Children~~ & much to Jemmy. Love to the Children, & love her name.

TURN

~~But before we follow their Example~~

And we must admit that we are tempted ~~to follow~~
~~their Example~~; as the story winds on, its way to follow
their Example. ~~The delight of complete freedom is great; &~~
~~but they give way~~ Great as are ~~the delights~~ of freedom
~~they are~~ pall when we begin to suspect that
~~the way is to we have no end in view do~~
freedom is ~~lead nowhere~~ nothing but freedom; that it
has ~~no end in view~~; that we are going to
~~becomes less delightful~~ pall when it becomes
are what; but they
The delight of freedom palls when it has no end in view.
And ~~long before~~ Sidney by the time Sidney reaches his
third book we began to suspect that he has lost
heavily. ~~we~~ feel that we are watching ~~some~~ an
ingenious fertile rider ~~drawing out thread~~ under Penny
~~unnecessary~~ an interminable thread, weaving web
~~upon web, & for ever~~ in & out over & over. ~~Sound~~ &
~~sound~~ unable to make an end, ~~for~~ who is
talking to who, ~~why~~ & where they are for what purpose this
Celia to inquire ~~for~~ ~~The featureless~~ ~~materials~~ ~~these~~
~~those~~ Thucydus ~~is~~ indistinguishable from
Pyrocles, Pamela from Philoclea. ~~The~~ We
~~The Convention of the~~ Indeed the method of leaving us
~~method is a drawback~~, even to the Elizabethans.
The dialogue gives us no help. ~~It~~ We only know
It ignores Character is ignored.
~~only~~ that ~~some~~ half the characters are of
stainless virtue, half of unredeemed vice. And
we know this ~~only~~ ~~Indeed~~ the that there are
two kinds of people, the good & the bad, &
two classes, the high & the low. all that lies

that asthma can be cured. It would need a cataclysm, an earthquake, to destroy that peak - just as, I suppose, it was made by an earthquake. I asked Ben Melchior the other day, if there ever were earthquakes now. And he said, no; only landslides, & avalanches. Sometimes they blot out a whole village he said. He added proudly, But there is no danger here.

My dear, as I write these very words, my eyes are caught by the young men. Roped together - one, as I think I told you, was at school with Roland. They are roped together - they are now crossing a crevasse.. The hen felt from her hand; & the ink trickled across the page. ~~One after the other~~ They had disappeared.

And strangely enough that night, after the bonfire had been begun by the Leonie family, that the wind had risen to a gale. And indeed, deeply the hen the paper on the balcony. And added, Then [illegible] again; Then [illegible] with dark comfort from the thought that they dead, [illegible] to drench the mountain. The old clothes would prove very serviceable. Let us hope. The peasants with big [illegible] flowers to lay on their graves. How well one knows the tone.

[illegible]

And ~~the thanks for that letter~~ Jim.

But as there seemed no [illegible] melancholy, the added, ~~Love to the Children~~ & much to Jemmy. Love to the Children, & her pet name.

PLEASE

And how, after hearing these can they go on with the
interminable story of Plangus & Erma. How can they
set drowsing in about the loves of the policy of
Prince Pleasure & ambling largely round the palfrey of
Queen Andromana, & recounting the troubles which
beset
when the front Sidney is able to tell them
how Shepherds spend their day,
at blow pipe, hit Cocke, or else at Heels,
224 when his clear country bred eye is observing the
"Lives of wonderly painful Bees." when
he can take up his harp & sing
2 106 "My sheep are thoughts, which I both guide &
Their pasture is fair hills of fruitless love:
On barren sweets they feed, & feeding starve —

But it is vain to ask; only the fact that Lelmane
had received a blow from a lion's paw earlier in
the day seems ~~made them to feel~~, makes them
bored by listening or suggests to the narrator that
or suggest to Basilius that "might be better to
94 reserve the Complaint of Klaius till another day.
"which the, perceiving the song had already worn out
much time, & not knowing when Lamon would end,
being even now stepping over to a new matter,
though much delighted with what was spoken,
willingly agreed unto. And so gat Sidney
they went to recommend themselves to the
elder brother of death."

The Ladies Lavatory

It was a fairy town by night, like all Seaside towns:
its form body was masked had sunk down into
the night, & was marked by lines of
fairy lamps. It was a Skeleton of red
The skeleton was tricked out by little lamps.
It was born again in all its grossness when the sun
rose. Like all seaside towns it had a melancholy
sorrow - of brine, of lubricity. It was pervaded by the
smell of fish. Shells were The shops were full of
shells. iridescent, hard, fragile. Everything
seemed frivolous: the shops were full of jetsam & buckets & spades.
The streets were a riverted flickering street theatre.
Even the inhabitants had a pelican character: Cheery, the
nautical, old men; with dog flavour & caps, & canes, the
who could no more have taken to the sea, or to the hunt
than the dog they had kept on the pier. A Lad is who went shopping in
Leather Jerkin, but with high heeled shoes. And
a basket & coloured raffia.

The Lavatory There was somethow
At one o'clock
their sorrow, their lubricity seemed most concentrated
in the town at one o'clock when the unattached
Gentlemen frivolous population met for lunch.
The consumption of fish was prodigious.
The restaurant had a fishy smell. The smell of a
smack that has drawn up nets. It
pervaded the restaurant; but it was to be
smelt too in the little Ladies Lavatory
opening onto the front landing As usual, there was
an attendant - one of those women who are
forever opening doors, fussy in a neat a serge: of
these precocts knows nothing is known. They

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And yet, the
But there the ode that we to the poets seem
reward. Thus, more is doing the ethic in the Arcadia
More is doing the work of poetry. Nothing is
stranger than as Sidney uses it — these long sentences,
these clattering many syllabled words, so
involved, so apt to catch up more ornaments
words than it can: that his about proves itself
singularly unable to deal with fact.
any but the nobler, slower, more generalized
emotions. What enchants us in the It gravitates
naturally to descriptions of wide scenery;
it lends itself to long separable narratives
uninterrupted by any other speaker — the kind
story of heroic: And when Sidney wished to
separate: describe impression, to give his long
he turns to verse. Verse in the Arcadia performs the
recorded pages a moment of intensity, realizes
function of dialogue in the modern novel. It is
in those little snatches of lyric song that are
scattered about his interminable adventures of
Pyrocles, Musidorus that our interest
is once more fanned into flame. Often the
realizes, rejoices as the verse comes in from the
prosiness of the dandification of the prose.

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he hunts out; & are wondering what the
Renaissance would think of it.
what—would the Sonnet, pantaloon make of that?

They then, would age, they look back through the corridors of memory,
~~the last meal~~ their last meal to be different from any other. It
must be custard: discontented. ~~They~~ The door must be
always opening: a shuffling. They can have no settled
relations with their kind. The memoirs & laboratory
attendant have never been written. The human race
to them must be always funny in hastily: then walk brown:
& out they come. Just remember a touch up at the glass;
apply powder & rouge: & with their minds on the
meal awaiting them, & someone telling us to order the
menu card, they may make it again. Leaving the
~~laboratory attendant~~ to prepare for the next comer.
~~The door~~ In this barbecular restaurant there was no
division between the two compartments, to save a
door. And the in the one side the claims of
nature were stamped: on the other, at the working tables, at
at the working plan. ~~The other~~ nature was subdued,
~~impressed, tamed,~~ made just under the discipline of art.
~~Thus, a~~ ~~The fireplace~~ The young ladies were here
arrived at this second stage of their daily ritual.
They were all subduing nature, with their powders
puffs & little red tablets. As they did so, they
talked. Their talk was cut ~~that~~ interrupted & the
creation [illegible] of water in one of the compartments.
... I don't like her. She's a simpering little thing -
But then he never did care about big women....
You have you seen Bert since he came back? ...
his eyes, they're so blue ... like pools ... Gert's
too ... both are the same eyes. You look down
into them ... And his smile — when they're
both set the same white teeth — only
Bert's are [illegible] clean are a bit crooked ...
Yes, they're a bit crooked ... But he
had ought to be careful. If he

but then in another mood we are back again among
conventions which often influence us.
And then, whether consciously or not, he assigns humbly to the
spirit of the age; he professes, with relief, the remembers
what some modern writing of the spirit teaches him
for the moment forget, that one must not, in prose,
use the ordinary words of daily speech: one must not, in a
romance, ~~relate the conversation~~ make Rencé & Prentices
~~must talk of high sentiments in refined language.~~
~~His only the old women's~~ ordinary human things.
~~Thus humour~~ Humour is the attribute of peasants.
They can behave ridiculously; they can ~~talk~~ Comic – but
one must be quick to point out the folly yet – about
naturally, like Wiltshire ~~peasants~~, ~~chuckling~~, &
[108] ~~must~~ ~~imply the tediousness of such behaviour;~~
~~be quick to point out the folly of such behaviour;~~
~~this only~~ Just as ~~it~~ he is not right, so not
Jeffrey. No, Sidney feels, as we watch him, the
strong heath of his age; he turns away, after this one
glimpse in our direction: under psychology
Realism, the exact description of what lies before a
him are not for him; other forces are ringing
in his ears; & so we see him, like a figure
eluding us, passing from our ken, wilfully
stopping his ears to the urgent ~~&~~ voices of his
own passions, & ~~refusing even to listen~~ to the
through now again to ~~him~~ cannot help noting
how the heron 'wags' as it rises from
[108] the marsh; how the spaniel hunts a duck
"with a snuffling grace" ~~passing~~ from there
pleasant Wiltshire ~~towns~~ right to the ~~mysteries~~, to the
roses, to the castles & fair valleys of his remote
Arcadia.

down it again he'd be Court martialled.

Here walk ended.

~~It was a~~ The words had a strong savour of decaying fish. ~~It was like that~~ Boat was in her day a hanger on about the Regent. ~~Its wore frogs~~ & the There was a strong scent of the old Nutpark heap. The Cavalry attendants had heard them when the P Regent was alt the rage. And long before that. For there is a very Very Ancient about harness bags: at Watering places. They ~~This~~ inspect Everything. It ~~gets into the trap & the joint.~~ ~~Go~~ Yet, when night comes, the Green body & the town is sunk, & only a Skeleton remains, hung in fairy lamps.

You might think that the Stench & the waste was the work of some Eternal wave: that nothing changes in human nature: that Boat ~~bay~~ is a perennial season: that attends for the Expression on the face of the Cavalry attendant. ~~This~~ mean: the horrible.

And ~~as~~ ~~But am writing~~

~~The Goes to~~ when the Green house, ~~&~~

~~It is the same in Every~~

~~At always~~ the tide. It reveals a Million fish. Then the ~~it withdraws~~ Men at Whelks. Then it withdraws. Just as the Lovers, Shells, Just as the waste sinks.

The ~~Cavalry attendant~~ But at night, The Town certainly looks Ethereal. ~~This tide~~ There is a white Glow on the down. There are hosts & Coronets & lights in the Streets. all the Caves are lit up. The Watery Blue Boats on the night. And like a ~~the~~ Comets ~~ga~~ net on the Sea.

For a moment the ~~mother~~ ~~who is in love with the~~
~~passions~~ of the mother who is in love with her daughter's
lover, & these pale & legendary figures as Gynecia,
Philoclea, Zelmane - are luridly lit up; ~~with the passion~~
~~their passion - the mother's~~ their faces are distorted
with real passion; Gynecia, for a second is
has the grandeur of Phedre; She loves the man her
daughter loves; Basilius & the old king, in
whom the beautiful ~~stranger~~ strange stranger has
wakened a ~~ridiculous~~ senile amorosity
~~reveals his true role~~ - comes as a curiosity
is shown vividly, old & amorous & absurd,
looking "very curiously upon herself, sometimes
fetching a little sigh, as if he had said his
strength had not yet forsaken him."
But the light fades; ~~& we are left~~ the quiet
~~the leaves become~~ resume ~~their voices, & the shepherds~~
~~once more fell the~~ & the shepherds resume their warbling.
& the pale leaves once more ~~that~~ resume their
~~inimitable~~ ~~stood~~ poses.

~~And like~~ But that moment of illumination
~~a mirror to show us~~ throws a curious light upon the
whole work. We realise more clearly afterwards
the limitations ~~of the writer~~ ~~confined~~ serves to show us the limit
limitation ~~of the writer~~ which Sidney is working;
& how ~~unconscious~~ whether the limit ~~it~~ was the
~~he~~ imposed ~~them~~ on himself, or was enforced by
that Sidney could for a moment think
& feel as closely & as keenly as any modern
novelist. And then, the ~~something~~ seems
by following his own natural instincts, think &
feel almost in the manner of a modern
novelist. But he does not wish to pursue this

& has seen through his disguise;

Men

We realise limitations more clearly than before.

The woman who lives in this room has had the look
of someone without any circulation part. She has no
settled relations with her kind. She is like a
piece of sea weed that floats this way, then that way.
~~The~~ For the deep fish who float into
this cave, are always hungry. Their minds,
even as the body fish, are on the table downstairs:
She inhabits a fluctuating water world: for
which reason there is no ~~constantly~~ constantly round up & down
like a piece of sea weed. She has no continuity
The rush of water is always floating her up & down.

of Jean Stark Pynn & Letters
Lantern -

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next with that lightning of her natural majesty
strikes most terrible into me ....
But this cruel fleetness, neither referring to mistake nor

— surely a subtle + acute observation, made by
Sidney with his own eyes, & felt with his own heart.

For a moment the same shine from Lady
of the moon + daylight in love with the same
man, the absurd old Father who has
fallen in love with a minion &
stops to move his pencil, & in pricked shin
pause)

Winter's night.

How strange that the sun rises shining; & the birds singing.
for here, this cool Monday hour in this bitter cave in what?
2?5

Such was the complacency of a woman who had all
her faculties entire.

She did not love sufficiently. She had no
Grasp of

It was a hot spring day, in the year before the war.
We were then allied with France; & Italy. The
~~Entente~~ agreement between our leaders
was complete, & elected Study Monday in the
Albert Hall & the Concert. If we went into a
shop, to buy an outfit for a picnic. The
man shared our anxieties & our hope that there would be no war,
he said. & when we asked for the way to Les
Roches, he ~~said to~~

a flowing pen; scenes where Sidney clearly stopped & considered, like any other novelist, what people in this particular situation would in fact feel & say. And then we get for a minute or two the a grotesque, a curious, ~~sensation~~ situation: living people, people & strong & complex emotions, suddenly appear in a here are people of strong & complex emotions - like Sidney himself & Penelope Devereux - viewed upon as shepherds & shepherdesses, in a world in leopard skins & sea-coloured satin, with in Arcadia, with bears prowling & sitting in shepherds huts in Arcadia, he in leopard skins, she in sea coloured satins & pearls as they rest, speaking in their own voices.

ravaged by the passions that tested upon real men & women in war & love.

"... many times have I, leaning to yonder Palm, admired the blindness of it, that it could bear love without sense of pain.

That wounds not like the voice of Philip Sidney than the voice of Musidorus. Again we are reminded, by love deals its wounds even in Arcadia. Musidorus finds Pamela a jewel made in the figure of a Crab-fish to the eye, because it looks one way & goes another " that though he pretends to love Mopsa his heart was hers. And Pamela takes it & he watches her & is struck to the heart, not by her disdain, not by her hatred, but by because the look struck a calm carelessness letting Each thing slide (just as we do by those speeches who neither in matter or person we do any way belong into us) which kind of cold temper is of all

English Sports.

The race horses came cantering along the tops of the downs.
With the jockeys
Then the hunt followed. The townsmen you could see the
whole pageant: the fox, the hounds, & all the field following after.
Then there was silence & the little girl who was
went on, hearing the bells. She would carry a whole bunch
back, with her little shoulders to the wind in the great horse
chestnut among the trees. The many was ash on the tops the horns.
This large white headed pig had been in the family for
five hundred years.
But the he From the many windows you could
see the flower garden: & Mrs Ogilby in her shady hat
walking along the gravel paths: & Miss Rhoddy, & then Peter & then
Hugh. But
It was a large family. She was two born when her
mother had grown up many children, & had set her mind
upon two important objects; one, to love the horses the other to
not yoke to music. divided between these dearest.
She had little attention to give to her younger sister.
Elizabeth was left to the nurses, the governess came in
the kitchen. The others were so much older than she was.
So, from the beginning the raw the life, at the roots:
grown in the grass: not the flowers not the trees, but
legs, arms, mouth. And
when he spoke said, in the schoolroom,
"I'll give you sixpence if you say damn in the
drawing room." She said, "Why not."
Then the Squire said "Come to my study after tea"
He he candied her drawers, & beat her.
And the daughter heart. She could
W A M — unfortunately there was an n
We had four strokes on her behind, not three.
That was the big lesson.

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the writer seems to be perpetually surpassed & a little troubled
always pressing on further, further among fresh new words.
& the wearing off later age when the dew is off the
language, & there is no zest, wonder, but only
as God This Sidney may be read & remain perfectly
readable; & often as we read through them,
half laughing, tempted, too, protesting, how
not gathering much meaning, the Muse comes
when as we seem to be bathing in some
beautiful not reading so much as bathing in some
sparkling delicious liquid, or yet unformed
babble of sound, a chorus of intoxicated birds
voices: the English language singing before
anyone is up to hear it.

But Sidney was though this however Sir
easy to exaggerate this the importance of a
Stability of mood lay too much stress upon these
qualities which redundancies & vagues of youth.
Sidney was like Every other story teller, Sidney was
dealing with may have been escaping from his
own times & circumstances; he may have been
taking the opportunity to prove his experiment with
our take liberties & make experiments with that
new instrument of language: but Even so, there are passages
Even in Arcadia, he remained a man, & Even in
Arcadia; he cannot wander for ever without
altogether forget that Even Musedorus & Pyrocles are
men & not Pamela & Philoclea are women.
Thus we stumble in a little to our
inevitably upon the Scenes that
that can not be dealt with veiled off with a

I shall be heavily because I may be lost.

She showed the marks on the kettle.

The Lynnes decided right to "Laid Punk, the groom. Cat that Lizzy would have taken, but her cough prevented her. Mary & Lizzy coughed.

Another day.

It was a lovely summer day. The Groom up were playing tennis - Charlie - Elizabeth - Ed. see their legs flashing about. The Cricket. The was scrambling among the hollyhocks, now; which it the Zam coming high twitched her arms, like a leper. Then a ball bounced at her feet. Roddy came running to find it. And with him was a girl in white. They pretended not to see the ball, though she fan at them. And then Roddy & girl came past her & she followed them, holding the ball.

Cut along into the house & pick up your ball Roddy, horridly rude response. Why did they want to find a secret hiding place? The feared, that strange not the hope he wanted - but what? - to be with her.

Carry Elmer was the Sister of the Lynnes Daughter. She was Gaily in Elizabeth age: a Ed, they had tea together, alone in the Church room - but don't know as they said Carry. We're very ignorant. The said that the clergyman had been to lunch: & she didn't knew what to say when he said. The Children & bread... by with Carry, the letter just read: & to start a letter to a headmaster for just school. "We want to read history" they said. That was how they learnt to that Rothley was a town. Indeed his home was not far away.

Lizzy went on coughing.

THEAN